



The Sketch

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THE SKETCH



No. 1481. — Vol. CXIV.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15, 1921.

ONE SHILLING.



SMALL TALK.

FROM THE PAINTING BY LÉO FONTAN.

(Original in the Possession of Reschal and Delabarre, 21, Rue Joubert, Paris.)



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND.."

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

Still in Paris. The day after my unexpected arrival in Paris I went to lunch at one of those delightful little restaurants in the Bois. Nothing could be more simple, more dainty, more ingenuous, more disarming, than these pretty houses of refreshment. As you sit at your table in the open air, you are entirely surrounded by green leaves and waiters. The leaves on this perfect May morning were as fresh as any leaves I have ever seen, and the waiters assumed freshness if they had it not.

The Supreme Head Waiter took my order. (The band, concealed amid lovely foliage, was playing all the time he took it.) He had the manner of the Chief Physician at a lunatic asylum. Soothing, bland, kindly, but firm. Luckily, I was even firmer. I refused everything he suggested, and ordered, if you please, what I wanted. This conduct caused some slight consternation among the staff, who hovered about like field-officers at a review. When I declined asparagus salad (8000 francs), they were on the point of sending for the *gendarmérie*. But they didn't, because I had the presence of mind to be firm. I said I would rather have tomato salad at 1000 francs, and I got it.

The whole meal—cold ham, tomato salad, and beer in a *czrafe*—only came to 5000 francs or thereabouts. Which shows what can be done in Paris by people who know their way about.

A Free Show. There are even things you can do for nothing at all. There is no charge, for example, for climbing to the summit of the Arc de Triomphe. You are not, it is true, paid to do it, but you can do it, if you wish to do it, for nothing. I did not particularly wish to climb two hundred and sixty-five steps on a hot afternoon, but I shall always be glad that I have done it, if only for the reason that I need never do it again.

You get an excellent view of Paris from the summit of the Arc de Triomphe. You can see the Eiffel Tower as plainly as plainly. Of course, you can see the Eiffel Tower

equally plainly from the ground, and you can't help seeing it from any part of the ground as long as you are in Paris. In point of fact, and with no desire to be offensive to our good cousins, one gets a little sick of the Tour Eiffel when one has seen it ten thousand times. But the view of it from the summit of the Arc de Triomphe is literally unique. Two dangerous words, but I use them deliberately. There is no view of the Tour Eiffel precisely similar to the view to be obtained from the summit of the Arc de Triomphe.

I shall always cling to that. I discovered it. It is to me.

How to Cross the Road in Safety.

On descending from the Arc de Triomphe, I had it in mind to visit the Salon. It is not very far, as we all know, from the Arc de Triomphe to the Salon, but a swirling ocean of automobiles, carriages, cabs and other weapons must first be navigated. The Parisians simply wade into the ocean and take their chance. That is all very well when you know, without thinking, which way the traffic is coming; but the visitor newly arrived from England, even though he may know his Paris backwards, is not quite sure of himself in moments of emergency. He may easily

step in the wrong direction and be squashed flat, which mars any holiday.

I pondered the problem for some few minutes, and then solved it by one of those flashes of inspiration that come to you so easily, friend the reader, and to me on rare occasions. I simply hailed a *fiacre*, got in, had myself driven through the traffic, and got out on the other side. It cost me five francs fifty—the driver had his coat over the clock, the clever—but what of that? It was much cheaper than a sudden examination of the chassis of a Rolls Royce without the aid of a pit. I paid the man his five-fifty, and walked on to the Salon.

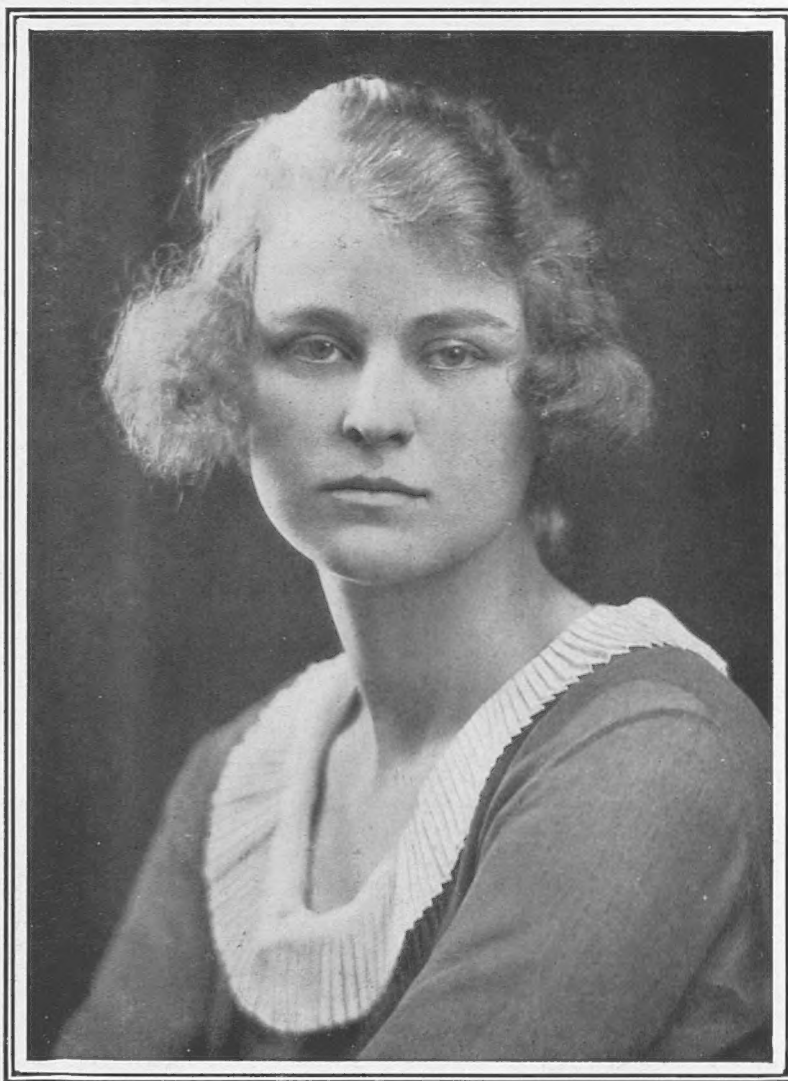
This famous exhibition of pictures has its own peculiarities, which distinguish it from our Royal Academy. I shall say no more than that about it. Having embittered the Paris Correspondent by trespassing on his (or her?) preserves, I have no intention of falling foul of the Art Critic as well. Besides, you can run across and have a look at the Salon for yourself.

Thoughts at the Play.

That same evening I went to the Théâtre du Vaudeville and witnessed part of a play by M. Henri Bataille, entitled "La Tendresse." The hero of this play is a dramatist. This in itself is a mistake. The public are not interested in dramatists. Actors, yes—but what is a dramatist? He is merely the stupid man who makes up the story which the actors and actresses so brilliantly interpret. M. Bataille should have known better.

This dramatist (in the play) fell in love with an actress, and allowed her to wander in and out of his study and talk and talk and talk. More than that, when the poor devil was out on business, she received her other lovers in this self same study, with the hero's plots and pages of dialogue lying about on his desk. This infuriated me. I am sure no French author would ever permit anything of the sort—in his study. French authors are far too wise. The least of them knows more about self-preservation than all the English authors lumped together.

I left the queer couple to have it out between themselves.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN THE HON. DONOUGH O'BRIEN :
THE HON. ANNE THESIGER.

The Hon. Anne Thesiger is the second daughter of Viscount Chelmsford, the ex-Viceroy of India. Her engagement to Captain the Hon. Donough O'Brien, elder son and heir of Lord and Lady Inchiquin, was announced recently.

Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.

A White and Silver Wedding Cortège at St. Margaret's.



NINE BRIDESMAIDS AND LORD CHELSEA: AT THE BUCHANAN-JARDINE-HAMILTON WEDDING.

Our photograph shows the nine bridesmaids who followed Miss Jean Hamilton, younger daughter of Lord and Lady Ernest Hamilton, up the aisle of St. Margaret's, at her wedding to Mr. "Jock" Buchanan-Jardine, only son of Sir Robert and Lady Buchanan-Jardine, of Castle Milk, Lockerbie. The names, reading from left to right, are: (back row) Miss Chamberlain, daughter of Sir Henry and Lady Chamberlain; Miss Pamela Campbell; Miss Joan Lloyd, daughter of Sir

Marteine and Lady Lloyd; Miss Sylvia Portman, and Miss Lorna Baldwin. (Front row) Miss Vera Piercy; Miss Pamela Peel; Miss Brenda Hamilton, sister of the bride; and Miss Dilkusha Wrench. Viscount Chelsea, the little son of Earl and Countess Cadogan, was train-bearer. The bridesmaids, who had bouquets of red roses, made a particularly attractive company in white and silver brocade dresses, with silver wreaths in their hair.—[Photograph by C.N.]

WEDDINGS, BAZAARS, A HORSE SHOW, AND AN



AT THE HORSE AND POLO PONY SHOW
AT RANELAGH: LADY TERRINGTON AND
A FRIEND.



WITH MAJOR PHIPPS-HORNBY AT RANELAGH: LADY ROCK-
SAVAGE AND LADY DIANA SOMERSET, DAUGHTER OF THE
DUKE OF BEAUFORT (LEFT).



AT THE WORLD-WIDE PRODUCE MARKET FOR T
EVANS AND H



LEAVING ST. MARK'S, NORTH AUDLEY STREET:
MR. RALPH CAZENOVE AND HIS BRIDE, MISS EDITH
THOMSON.



MARRIED AT HOLY TRINITY, SLOANE STREET:
CAPTAIN WILLOUGHBY NORRIE, D.S.O., M.C., AND
MISS JOCELYN GOSLING.



THE PET FOX CATCHES THE BRIDE'S EYE: MISS
BUCHANAN-JARDINE

Our pages illustrate the events of last week, which included important weddings, the Horse and Polo Pony Show at Ranelagh, and various charity fêtes. The World-Wide Produce Market, held in the grounds of Lansdowne House, was opened on the first day by Princess Christian, and subsequently by Admiral Sims. Major Harold and Lady Zia Wernher lent their Regent's Park house for the University College Hospital Ladies' Association Sale, which was opened by Princess Helena Victoria. Miss Edith Thomson, who married Mr. Edward Cazenove, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Cazenove, of Cottesbrooke, Northampton, was followed by five bridesmaids—Miss Ismay and Miss Claudia Crichton-Stuart; Miss Jessica St. Aubyn; and Miss Priscilla and Miss Helena Perrott. A reception was held after the ceremony at the house of Captain

HISTORIC CEREMONY: PICTURES OF TO-DAY.



Y.W.C.A.: ADMIRAL SIMS WITH LADY WORTHINGTON DAUGHTERS AS GYPSIES.



AT SOMERIES HOUSE, WHICH THEY LENT FOR THE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE HOSPITAL LADIES' ASSOCIATION SALE: MAJOR HAROLD AND LADY ZIA WERNHER.



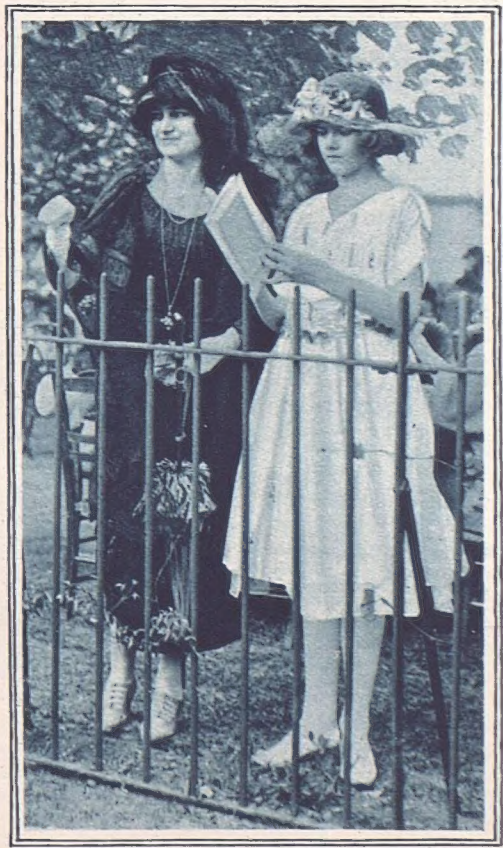
THE PRIME MINISTER OF THE ULSTER PARLIAMENT AT ITS INAUGURATION: SIR JAMES CRAIG WITH LADY CRAIG.



JEAN HAMILTON AND HER BRIDEGROOM, MR. "JOCK" AFTER THE CEREMONY.



MARRIED AT CHRIST CHURCH, LANCASTER GATE: MAJOR MICHELMORE, D.S.O., M.C., AND MISS NEWBOLT.



AT THE CHILDREN'S GARDEN PARTY AND FÊTE AT THE BOTANIC GARDENS: LADY MURIEL WILLOUGHBY AND HER LITTLE GIRL.

and the Hon. Mrs. A. Maule Ramsay. Miss Jocelyn Gosling, daughter of Mr. R. H. Gosling, Master of the Vine Hunt, who was married to Captain Charles Willoughby Moke Norrie D.S.O., M.C., 11th Hussars, had four bridesmaids—Miss Veronica Lockett, Miss Noel Butler, Miss Iris Barker, and Miss Barbara Palmer; and two train-bearers—Sir John Swinnerton-Dyer and Master John Churchill. Miss Jean Hamilton, younger daughter of Lord and Lady Ernest Hamilton, who married Mr. "Jock" Buchanan-Jardine, is shown in our photograph leaving the church. The pet fox, which a spectator brought to the wedding caught both the bride and bridegroom's eye! Miss Margaret Phoebe Newbolt, who married Major W. G. Michelmores, D.S.O., M.C., is the daughter of Sir Francis Newbolt, K.C.

"Sunbeams out of Cucumbers"

I AM sorry for *The Sketch*. I shall have little time to write in the future. Almost I have decided to rival Lady Astor in the House of Commons. Doubtless I have a wider hearing through the medium of these columns. But the owners of illustrated papers do not pay one's railway fare (first class). And, so far as I know, there are no existing rules in journalism that make it possible for you to deduct all your expenses (without the permission of Parliament) including, of course, your railway ticket. I always suspected the House of Commons of working with its tongue in its cheek. Now it has left no doubt. Having issued railway passes (first class) to all members, it then went through the form of asking if they *might* do so! And the ballot having told them that they might not, they now bow and say with all dignity: "In any case, it is not necessary. Rules already exist that make it possible for members to get their own money refunded." Do you see the idea? They did not need the passes, but they wanted something to talk about. They were tired of the strike, poor over-worked dears. They wanted to pull someone's leg. So they thought it all out and enjoyed their little joke, and gave the leader-writers in all the papers quite good opportunities for satirical rhetoric. Some day a really witty man will join the Army Council. He will read all the rules till he discovers that somewhere back in the sixteenth century the Virgin Queen decreed that her gallant officers should travel throughout her Empire free of charge (in uniform). He will then ask for the necessary Bill to pass both Houses. When it has been rejected by all the Jews and the few remaining Christians who represent our democracy, the witty fellow will publish in red type the chapter and verse of the already legal authority. Once again will the British officer hold up his head in the land of his fathers. And after the Army, the Navy. And why not the equally necessary stevedores and commercial travellers, and hotel managers and waiters? Who am I to decide whose need to travel is of most importance? But I was really depressed to think that rich members would have to pay for their railway tickets. So few of them can afford it. Country places in England (and elsewhere) are expensive.

As though the Fourth of June were not already clouded enough by the strike, Mr. Hubert Burrows added still further cold water to the celebrations at Eton by refuting the century-old saw—"Waterloo was won on the playing-fields of Eton." The tactless fellow proclaims that expert military historians, backed by Wellington's own descendants, agree that *Wellington was never at Eton!* He also took trouble to ascertain that the two senior generals next to Wellington (excepting, of course, the Prince of Orange)—Lord Anglesea and Lord Hill—were, respectively, at Westminster, and no public school at all; that Sir John Vandeleur, Sir Hussey Vivian and the brothers Ponsonby were all at Harrow, as were also Lord Hardinge and Colonel Gordon (the Duke of Wellington's aide-de-camp); that Lord Seaton was at Winchester, and Lord Edmund

Somerset, Lord March, Lord W. Lennox, and Lord Strafford (he was then General Byng—an ancestor of our present "Bungo"—and commanded the Guards Brigade) were at Westminster. Sir Denis Packe was an Harrovian; and non-Etonians were the famous Picton, Sir Colin Halkutt, Lord Raglan (of the Beaufort family) and Lord Downes. Two of Wellington's leading Peninsular generals, Lord Dalhousie and Lord Combermere, were other non-Etonians.

Well, well. After all that the Etonians (and I invariably wear a light-blue ribbon at Lord's) can only answer that perhaps Waterloo, like most battles before and since, was really won by the inconspicuous regimental officers. And if Mr. Hubert Burrows takes the trouble to look up the records, he will discover that quite a large number of these *were* Etonians. But not having passed the Staff College, I am not really an authority. And having enjoyed myself as the guest of a very new boy, I feel constrained to write *Floreat Etona* in spite of Mr. Burrows. The thing I enjoy most at Eton is buttered eggs for tea, but this year I also enjoyed "A Page or Two of Good Things," recited by Brewis (it was written by Evelyn Southwell, a collegier who lost his life in the war), and, "The Career of Captain Murderer," recited by Mr. Johnstone; and the procession of boats on the river. Crowds gathered on Fellows' Eyot and near Romney Lock to see the picturesque crews. My own small companion eyed the gods of the Upper Boats with awe akin to worship. He was much impressed because I actually spoke to little Lord Ridley and young Thornycroft, the captain of the boats, and young Lord Longford, all members of the Monarch crew.

In my secret heart I was glad there were no fireworks. I had promised to see Lord Dunsany's "If" that night. In any case, I arrived too late to appreciate it. I wonder if the noble playwright still confines himself to the Bible as his sole literature. I sat next to him at dinner once at the Poets' Club, and he confided to me that he had practically never read any other book in his life till he grew to man's estate. He thinks too much reading is worse than too little, as far as destroying pristine imagination is concerned. I shall never forget that dinner. Towards the end of the evening I heard a woman introducing Mr. Henry Sturgis to Mr. Maurice Hewlett. The latter did not take much notice of George Meredith's son-in-law; so the lady, anxious to bring them together, asked Mr. Hewlett whether he realised who Mr. Sturgis was.

"Oh, yes, I realise!" said the novelist curtly, and promptly turned his back on Mr. Sturgis and on the lady. The next day I understood: all the reviews were accusing Mr. Hewlett's newest novel of being more than ever Meredithian, and poor Mr. Hewlett



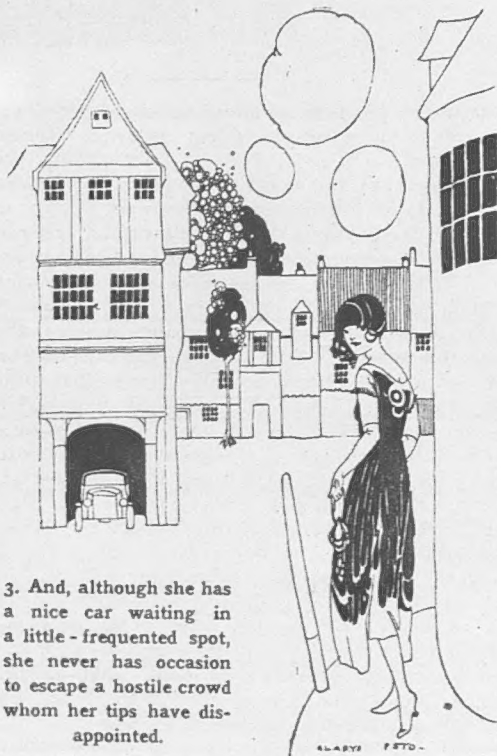
1. Angela is broken-hearted. Her most fancied winners are always losers. The tips are always wrong. But for the love of the darling dogs she would fling herself in the fountain.



2. Then she has a brilliant idea. She will become a tipster herself; and as she is a great believer in publicity, she does not carry on her business in the usual anonymous manner, but has a nice kiosk in a frequented thoroughfare. Her tips are always correct.

was justifiably "fed up." Probably he was convinced that the unfortunate lady was really in league with the reviewers!

Mrs. Jarvey, the new American Ambadress, has started her Thursday afternoon receptions at the American Embassy. There were such crowds as I went in that I determined to wait for the strike to be over so that some of London could leave for the country



3. And, although she has a nice car waiting in a little-frequented spot, she never has occasion to escape a hostile crowd whom her tips have disappointed.

by the next "At Home" day. Amongst the hundreds, most of the Diplomatic Corps struggled with each other up and down stairs—and I met Lord and Lady Bryce, Lady Muriel Beckwith, Sir John and Lady Lister-Kaye, Lady Markham, Lord and Lady Barrymore, Lord and Lady Emmott, Sir Edmund and Lady Phipps, Lord Harcourt, and Sir Alfred and Lady Chatfield. While the Donoughmores and the Campdens and a host of others arrived, I slipped off with another gossip, and heard all about the Duke of Marlborough's future Duchess. I find I have seen her quite often—at Nice last winter, when she used to drive a little two-seater, and lunch occasionally with the Duke of Connaught. She is quite the opposite to Consuelo Duchess. She is big and blonde and blue-eyed, with a Greek nose and a very cosmopolitan manner, as befits the American sister-in-law of Prince Radziwill of Poland. She had a tiny house in a little busy street, far from the villas and the sea and the coterie that makes up Anglo-American-French society on the Riviera.

Of course, the one topic of the week has been the party given by Lord and Lady Curzon of Kedleston to meet their Majesties the King and Queen and H.R.H. Princess Mary. I heard all about it at tea next day. It sounds like a lovely fairy-tale come true. I mean being made a Marquess and a Marchioness and having one's Sovereign and his beloved Consort graciously honour one's board the same week. And Lord and Lady Curzon themselves always look as though they so thoroughly delight in their own parties, which is, after all, the only way of ensuring that everyone else enjoys them too. The Queen wore a wonderful blue gown, and her radiant smile was more than ever contagious, and I hear on every side that Lady Curzon was looking more beautiful than even she has ever looked before. Her *métier* in life is certainly entertaining. She gives her personal attention to every detail—menu, flowers, lights, and invariably receives her due reward by hearing her party acclaimed the success of the day. The other night she wore a wonderful gown of silver tissue, and her only ornaments were her Persian decoration and a pearl-and-diamond tiara of a particularly becoming shape, and a small spray of mauve orchids. Their Majesties were attended by Lady Fortescue, Lord Annaly, and Colonel A. Erskine. Princess Mary, who came unattended, was in a simple white gown with a single row of pearls round her neck. She particularly enjoyed the dancing of little Leonora Hughes after dinner. Miss Hughes had flown from Paris especially to dance for the King and Queen—another fairy-tale, midsummer-night's-dream achievement, and one that very nearly was not achieved. Indeed, the lovely little lady had a very troublous crossing with several forced descents, and finally only just arrived in time to curl her pretty short hair and hasten to the party, where she delighted everyone with her flower-like grace. Her secret is not in her feet alone. Her secret is in her smile—and in her youth and in her little happy heart. Your own is bound to beat the more joyously. My feminine tea-party almost made a grievance of it. (Some of the older men had been so very enthusiastic.) To console themselves, the ladies had delighted in Mr. George Robey, another success of the evening. The Duchess

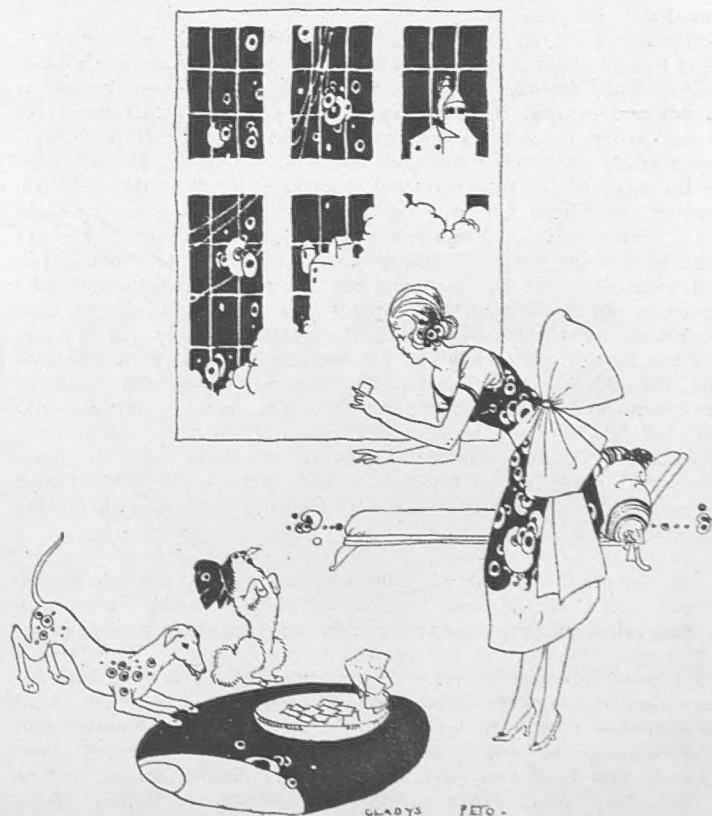
of Portland (by the mischief of Puck, I suppose, determined to have his fun!) wore the very same gown as her hostess, and with equal grace; while the Duchess of Roxburghe made a lovely splash of vivid green against the red brocade of the ball-room curtains, and Lady Crewe's sunny yellow, with its long, flowing draperies, added another note of colour. Lady Granard wore black and white, as did Lady Farquhar and Lady Derby. Lady Salisbury's royal blue was described to me as being most becoming; Lady Ribblesdale, in white brocade with not even her pearls, looked lovely; and Lord Curzon's beautiful married daughter, Lady Cynthia Mosley, endeavouring to look matronly in black, of course looked younger than ever. Mrs. Ambrose Dudley, Lady Curzon's younger sister, wore beautiful white velvet brocade and pearls; and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Albert Monroe Hinds, in classical cream satin, made her first bow, having just arrived from Buenos Aires. Lady Powis, Lady Dorothy Wood, Mrs. Mildmay, Lady Donoughmore, and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt completed the ladies of the party, I think—the last named wearing a deep-green dress and a tall dark-red head-dress that was surprising though becoming.

The best of a royal party, however, was, naturally, the men's legs. Silk stockings on all of them, and garters on some at least, give variation to their nether extremities. I sometimes think there is probably more in a man's ankles than we women suspect. Character, I mean. Anyhow, the Foreign Secretary's legs are as magnificent as the rest of him. And as beautifully proportioned as his rhetorical periods. I suppose it is *lèse-majesté* to praise the King's legs—but the ladies had a right to their remarks about the individual merits of some of the others. Lord Lonsdale's, for instance, and the Marquis de Soveral's and Lord Lascelles'.

What a triumph for Mr. Eugene Goossens was his orchestral concert at the Queen's Hall the other evening. Goossens is a believer in modern music. Has he not composed delightful little things all in the very latest manner? The other night the programme was entirely devoted to the moderns. It started with the English—Lord Berners and John Ireland—then a Ravel, and finally the *clou* of the performance, the "Sacre du Printemps," Stravinsky's well-known work, which aroused such a storm of opposition when first produced at Drury Lane before the war.

Personally, I like the work, and think it both amusing and witty, like most of Stravinsky's music; but I longed for the ballet, as there are *des longueurs* which were not noticeable when the dancers were before one's eyes. Nor did it greatly matter on Tuesday, for the audience was a most interesting one, and I looked at it when my attention wandered from the music. Everybody seemed to be there—both Society and the Intellectuals. Mrs. Asquith seemed to have booked several stalls for her own use in the grand circle, for she kept moving about from seat to seat, just as the spirit moved her. I also saw the three poetical Sitwells there, the two brothers and the sister, all three proving by their hats that they have gone in for intellectualism violently. Mr. Goossens—who, by the way, is a most slim and elegant-looking young man—conducted admirably, and got a tremendous ovation; and Stravinsky received his full share when he was dragged on to the platform.

IRREPRESSIBLE JANE.



4. Her tips are always right! And has she a wonderful source of stable information? No. The darling dogs pull the names of the winners out of a basket, and are much better than the "man who always knows"

Futurist "Chout", and the Russian Ballet Star.



WITH MICHEL LARIONOW SCENERY: THE OLD BUFFOONS ATTRACTED BY THE YOUNG BUFFOON (M. THADEE SLAWINSKY) DISGUISED AS A COOK.



THE PREMIERE DANSEUSE OF THE DIAGHILEFF SEASON OF RUSSIAN BALLET AT THE PRINCE'S: MME. LYDIA LOPOKOVA.

This year M. Diaghileff has added the Andalusian "Cuadro Flamenco" company to the attractions he offers; and he has Mme. Lydia Lopokova, whose dancing created so much admiration when last here, as his *première danseuse*. "Chout," the strange Futurist ballet, based on a Russian legend, with ultra-modern music by Serge Prokofiev, and Futurist scenery and costumes by Michel Larionow, was conducted by the composer himself when first given last week. It is the tale of how a Young Buffoon "spoofed" seven old Buffoons

by pretending to kill his wife and then "whip" her to life. He sells the "magic" whip, and, of course, when the purchasers try to use it, their wives remain dead. So they come to wreak vengeance on the Young Buffoon. He dresses up as the cook, and they fall in love with him. He then attracts a rich merchant, who wants to marry him, but he escapes and comes back, as himself, with a band of soldiers, to demand his cook back again from the old Buffoons.

Photograph No. 1 taken for "The Sketch" at the Répétition Générale, by Walter Benington; Photographs Nos. 2 and 3, by Malcolm Arbuthnot.

Mexican, Roumanian, and English: Four June Brides.



ENGAGED TO MR. ALEXANDER R. PYM: MISS VIOLET WARRENDER.



MARRIED ON SATURDAY TO THE HON. STANDISH VEREKER, M.C.: MISS BESSY SURTEES.



TO MARRY MR. H. R. D'ERLANGER: MISS MARGARET COVARRUBIAS.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN PHILIP BATEMAN: Mlle. MARIE LOUISE BLANC PROCOPIU.

Miss Violet Warrender, whose engagement to Mr. Alexander R. Pym, Irish Guards, has been announced, is the daughter of the late Vice-Admiral Sir George Warrender, and of Lady Maud Warrender.—The marriage of Miss Bessy Surtees, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose Surtees, and the Hon. Standish Vereker, M.C., son of the late Viscount Gort, and of Eleanor Viscountess Gort, was fixed to take

place on June 11.—Miss Margaret Covarrubias, who is engaged to Mr. H. R. d'Erlanger, son of the late Baron R. d'Erlanger, and Lady Galway, is the daughter of Don Miguel Covarrubias, former Mexican Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Mme. de Covarrubias.—Mlle. Marie Louise Blanc Procopiu is the eldest daughter of Mme. Irène Procopiu, Lady-in-Waiting to H.M. the Queen of Roumania.

Phases of Society: Some Preoccupations of the Moment.



AT THE RANELAGH POLO PONY SHOW: COMTE DE VELAYOS; THE DUKE OF PENARANDA; MISS HOLLINS; AND THE MARQUIS DE VILLABRAGIMA.



RECEIVING THE FIRST PRIZE FOR THE WINNING DRIVING MARATHON TEAM: LORD AND LADY LUDLOW AT THE RICHMOND HORSE SHOW.



AT THE CHILDREN'S GARDEN PARTY AND FÊTE AT THE ROYAL BOTANIC GARDENS: LADY RAMSDEN AND LADY NEWTON.



THE HEAD OF THE METROPOLITAN MOUNTED POLICE: COLONEL P. R. LAURIE, D.S.O., AT THE RICHMOND HORSE SHOW.



SELLING INDIAN WARES AT THE WORLD-WIDE PRODUCE MARKET: PRINCESS SUDHRA MANDER.



FLOWER-STALL GIRLS: LADY R. BARING; THE HON. P. SMITH; LADY M. GREY; LADY E. LINDSAY; MISS H. MILDMAY; AND LADY E. GREY (L. TO R.).



MISS B. VILLIERS; THE HON. IVY SOMERSET; MISS V. ABEL SMITH; AND THE HON. FREDERICA SOMERSET.

Lord and Lady Ludlow are shown receiving the first prize and special for carriage and equipment which Lord Ludlow won with his pair of chestnuts at the Richmond Horse Show. Lieutenant-Colonel Laurie was the police official in charge of the Air Patrol and road arrangements for the Derby.—Princess Mary was present at the Children's Garden Party and Fête held at the Royal Botanic Gardens, in aid of the Practical Gardening School of the Royal Botanic Society.

Our photographs show two groups of saleswomen at the Flower and Jumble Stall at this fête. Lady Rosemary Baring is the elder daughter of Lord Cromer; the Hon. Peggy Smith is Lord Hambleton's younger daughter; Lady Mary and Lady Elizabeth Grey are Earl Grey's two daughters; and Lady Elizabeth Lindsay is a daughter of the Earl of Crawford. The Hon. Frederica and the Hon. Ivy Somerset are the two younger daughters of Lord Raglan.

Hostess to the King and Queen Last Week.



A NEW MARCHIONESS: LADY CURZON, WIFE OF LORD CURZON OF KEDLESTON.

Lady Curzon, the beautiful wife of Lord Curzon of Kedleston, was much in the public eye last week. Not only did her husband's name head the Birthday Honours list, as he was raised to the rank of a Marquess, but Lord and Lady Curzon entertained the King and Queen and Princess Mary at dinner on the Tuesday. The occasion was a

especially brilliant one, the guests including the Duke and Duchess of Portland, the Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe, the Marquess and Marchioness of Salisbury, and the Marquess and Marchioness of Crewe. The Prince of Wales joined the party after dinner. Our page shows a new snapshot of Lady Curzon.

Photograph by Alfieri.

Pets All: The Ladies' Kennel Association Show.



The toilette of Madame Oosterveen's Japanese spaniels.



The beautifying of the Old English Sheep-dogs.



Mrs. A.M. Maynard's Clevelock Gentle Lady.



The smallest competitor:
Mrs. C. Blondin Robiolo's Old Black and Tan Miniature Terrier Gigs.

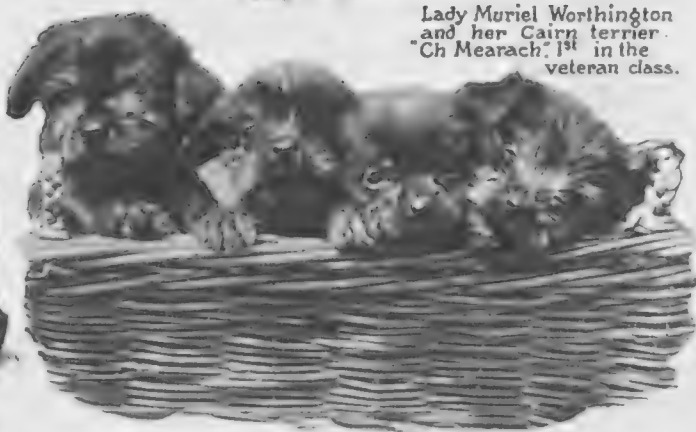


Lady Muriel Worthington and her Cairn terrier "Ch Mearach," 1st in the veteran class.



Lady M. Bullough with her Alsatian Wolf-dog Marcus.

Mrs. F.J.A. Hartcup with her Alsatian Wolf-dog Zadiqan Pont du Essey.



First-prize-winning Yorkshire pups.

Dogs of all sizes and breeds assembled at Ranelagh for the annual show of the Ladies' Kennel Association, and it is noticeable that feminine dog-fanciers are as partial to large-sized pets, such as the fashionable Alsatian wolfdogs, bulldogs, Old English sheepdogs, and other sporting breeds, as they are to Pekes, Jap. spaniels, and the lap-dog species. Our photographs show some of the varying

types of canine beauty exhibited, including the smallest of them all, Mrs. C. Blondin Robiolo's tiny little old black-and-tan miniature terrier, who can curl itself up inside a challenge cup without difficulty. There was an outbreak of fire at the show, but there was a general rush to save the dogs, and only three or four were badly injured.

Photographs Nos. 1, 2, 3, 6 and 8, by Alfieri; Nos. 4 and 5, by S. and G.; and No. 7, by C.N.

Notable People and Notable Happenings.



TO BE MARRIED SHORTLY: PRINCESS XENIA AND MR. WILLIAM LEEDS, SON OF PRINCESS CHRISTOPHER OF GREECE.



AT WINCHESTER FOR LORD CHELMSFORD'S VISIT: MR. AND MRS. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN AND THEIR SON.



AN ENGLISH INTERNATIONAL AS BEST MAN: LORD WODEHOUSE AT THE PYM-WILMOT WEDDING.



THE MARRIAGE OF A FAMOUS HORSEWOMAN: MR. CHARLES PYM WITH HIS BRIDE, MISS KATHLEEN WILMOT.

Princess Xenia, daughter of the Grand Duchess George of Russia, arrived in England last week, with her fiancé, Mr. William Leeds, the son of Princess Christopher of Greece, who was formerly Mrs. W. B. Leeds. The marriage will take place shortly. Mr. Leeds is staying at Spencer House, where our photographer snapped him walking in the garden with his fiancée, and Princess Xenia is residing with her mother at Chester Terrace, Regent's Park. Lord Chelmsford was recently given a reception at Winchester on the relinquishment of his post as

Viceroy of India. Mr. and Mrs. Austen Chamberlain were among those present, and are shown with their son, who is at Winchester.—The marriage of Miss Kathleen Wilmot, the younger daughter of Sir Robert and Lady Wilmot, to Mr. Arthur Charles Melville Pym, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. A. Melville Pym, of Louth, Lincs, took place at All Saints', Binfield. The bride, who is a famous horsewoman, was given away by her father, and Lord Wodehouse, the International polo-player, a brother-officer of the bridegroom, acted as best man.

Exclusive to "The Sketch": A New "Max."



"ENFIN SEULS!" MR. BALFOUR ENJOYING THE BLESSINGS OF PEACE.

Max Beerbohm's vision of Mr. Arthur Balfour is one of the most inspired of his recent caricatures, which have been drawing all London to the Leicester Galleries. It is entitled "Enfin Seuls!"

In a world comparatively at peace now, Mr. Balfour tackles Benedetto Croce." The delightful detachment of the eminent "A. J. B." has seldom been more perfectly italicised.

*From the caricature by Max Beerbohm. By courtesy of the Leicester Galleries (where it is on exhibition with numerous others), and of the artist.
Copyright strictly reserved by the artist.*

Exclusive to "The Sketch": A New "Max."



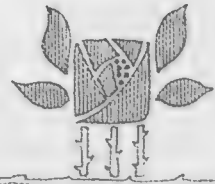
"MR. MAURICE HEWLETT BEING PHOTOGRAPHED."

This thoroughly typical Max Beerbohm caricature of Mr. Maurice Hewlett, the famous novelist, wearing his "camera face," is one of the 1921 Max caricatures to be seen at the Leicester Galleries.

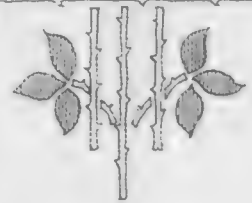
It is published exclusively in "The Sketch," and, with the caricature of Mr. Balfour, forms the last of our series of exclusive reproductions of examples of the great caricaturist's work.

From the caricature by Max Beerbohm. By courtesy of the Leicester Galleries (where it is on exhibition with numerous others), and of the artist. Copyright strictly reserved by the artist.

Of Social and Political Interest: Bride and Bride-To-Be.



WITH HER SISTER, THE
MAYORESS OF CARNAR-
VON: THE PREMIER'S
NEW DAUGHTER-IN-
LAW, MISS EDNA JONES,
AND HER BRIDEGROOM,
MAJOR G. LLOYD
GEORGE.



THE DUKE OF RUT-
LAND'S SECOND
DAUGHTER AND HER
FIANCÉ: LADY ELCHO
AND MR. GUY BENSON.

The marriage of Major Gwilym Lloyd George, second son of the Prime Minister and Mrs. Lloyd George, to Miss Edna Jones, sister of the Mayoress of Carnarvon, was fixed for Tuesday, June 14, at the Wesleyan Church, Carnarvon, at 11.30 a.m.—The announcement of Lady Elcho's engagement to Mr. Guy Benson, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Benson, of Buckhurst, Sussex, was made recently, and aroused

much interest. Lady Elcho is the second of the Duke of Rutland's beautiful daughters, and was Lady Violet Manners before her marriage to Lord Wemyss' son, which took place in 1911. Lord Elcho was killed in 1916, and leaves two sons—the present Lord Elcho, born in 1912, and the Hon. Martin Michael Charles Charteris, who is a year younger.—[Photograph No. 1 by Photopress; No. 2 by S. and G.]

A Beautiful Member of the Diplomatic Corps.



THE WIFE OF THE THIRD SECRETARY OF THE ROUMANIAN LEGATION: MADAME NANO.

Madame Nano is one of the most beautiful figures in diplomatic and official London society. She is the wife of Monsieur Nano, the Third

Secretary of the Roumanian Legation, and is now settled at her charming new house in Hill Street, Knightsbridge.

Photographs by Malcolm Arbuthnot.



"THE CARRIAGE WAITS . . ." BY LOUISE HEILGERS.

"THE carriage waits, Madam."

But the woman he addressed sat poring over her paper still, as if she had not heard. Only her eyes, blue pools beneath the long lashes darkened to polished jet, were suddenly watchful, hard, and discontented.

"Let it wait," she thought impatiently. Let everything wait, if it came to that, till Eternity, or a policeman, moved them all indiscriminately on. What did she care? It was ridiculous, anyway, to have a carriage when all her friends possessed motors. Carriages were out of date—as out of date as last year's husband or evening frock. Conveniently, she overlooked the fact that it had been her own whim last year to keep a carriage, for the very reason that all the other women she knew took their drives abroad in limousine or roadster.

She hated to be the same as everybody else. And indulgent Philip Crewe had given in with a shrug. He had his own cars for his personal use; if this imperious wife of his preferred a coach-and-four, or even a Sedan chair, for her own needs—well, for the sake of peace as much as for her blue eyes and wild orchid beauty, she should have it. It wouldn't be his funeral, anyway.

And now she had had both husband and carriage a year, and was heartily sick of both. Life, like the carriage below, waited; it no longer seemed to move on.

Love, it appeared, had lost the motive-power to supply that kindly office, and the dreams that had peopled its windows were not so much dreams now as stagnant ghosts.

But, totally indifferent to the thoughts that were passing through the blonde, Marcel-waved head of his employer, only uncertain as to whether she had heard or not, the servant repeated in the bland, expressionless voice of the well-trained underling, the words—

"The carriage waits, Madam."

This time she condescended to answer.

"Very well. Tell your master, and send my maid with my coat; and oh, by the way"—she pointed with sudden eagerness to the paper she held—"are you sure this is the latest edition of the *Comet*?"

"Yes, Madam," the man answered, with a faint flicker of surprise. It was news to him that this white-and-gold employer of his went in for racing.

"I bet the Honourable Philip don't know it either," he added to himself with an inward grin, remembering the lofty contempt with which remarks emanating from that genial gentleman anent the sport of kings had been wont to be received in the dining-room. "It's the seven o'clock edition—I don't know of any other," he finished submissively.

"Ah, well!" She tossed the paper from her with a gesture of annoyance. Romance, like Life, or the carriage that waited below, seemed all at once to have stopped dead in its tracks too. And just lately Romance seemed to have promised so much.

Almost sulkily, she slipped into the luxurious wrap, with its great fur collar, the maid brought her. Without a glance into the mirror, indifferent for once to the enchanting effect of dark fur and lily-of-the-valley leaf velvet against a skin of cream and rose and summer-wheat hair, she walked from the room.

Her husband came out of his study to meet her as she came down the stairs.

"You've been the deuce and all of a time. We shall miss half the first act. Not that it matters much," he added carelessly, as he followed her out into the starlit night, down the flight of steps that led to the pavement at the edge of which her carriage waited. "I'm told this new thing Strophe's put on is an awful bore."

"Everything's a bore." She seated herself listlessly; her profile turned from him looked like a silver-point engraving against the dusk of the night that pressed upon the window pane.

"Bar the things that really don't matter a hang except to the two people doing them," her husband agreed lazily.

She shot him a swift, almost startled look. But he was staring beyond her out into the dusk that, as they turned into the main road, glowed suddenly like a purple pansy shot with coloured fires, coloured fires that were the lights that turned modern night fantastically into jewelled day.

Suddenly he laughed with an almost schoolboy edge to his mirth, and sat up in his seat a little straighter. Idly she followed his glance.

Held up a second by the exigency of the traffic, the carriage had stopped almost directly opposite the doors of some picture palace, with lights pricking out prominently the name of the film star whose

dazzling exploits were apparently limited at that particular cinema to a "three days only" performance.

It was upon this name his gaze was fixed.

"Lola Rhodes." Olivia Crewe repeated the name indifferently. "Is she any good? Have you ever seen her act?"

Faint surprise rang in her tone. So far as she knew, her husband had never in his life been to that favourite roosting place of Cupid and the masses alike—"the pictures."

He laughed again as he shook his head.

"Have you ever spoken to her, then? There must be some reason for you to look like that." Her voice was a little peevish. One may have no use for a husband oneself, and still resent the possibility of any other woman being interested in him.

"I've never spoken to the girl in my life." There was no mistaking the sincerity of his protest.

Reassured, she turned again to her own thoughts. What a lot could be crowded in a week! Could it be only a week ago to-day that, bored to tears with everything, picking up a newspaper listlessly, she had come face to face with Romance?

Her last year's marriage had been just a business affair from which all Romance had been, as it were, washed long before it had been laid in her lap, the cut and polished jewel it had become through the careful engineering of everybody concerned in it. Parents and friends had alike purred over the entire suitability of a match in which inclination, income, and position had alike marched together.

She had been a wife a year before discovering Romance. And then, all of a sudden, it had flared up before her in the advertisement columns of a penny newspaper.

"To Circe—the fair-haired enchantress in black and white, with eyes that exactly matched the violets in her belt, driving in the Park, near Marble Arch, on Tuesday last—the stranger at whom she smiled as she passed would like to meet her. Reply here to Cavalier."

For a second, remembering the black-and-white frock, the violets in her belt, she herself had worn as she drove through the Park on the afternoon in question, her cheeks had flamed. She had been affronted to the core. Could that advertisement by any possibility be intended for her? That it should be said of her that she had smiled at a stranger in the Park—a stranger, moreover, who had dared to address her in this outrageous manner! Of course, it *couldn't* be meant for her.

Then, little by little, the possibilities of the thing began to grip her, and she came to want to believe it true. Here, ready to her hand, lay Adventure. Adventure that smacked of skull and cross-bones, perhaps, but Adventure none the less. The very boldness of the advertisement, that had at first appalled her, ended by pleasing. It was even with an effort that she told herself that, really, the advertisement might have been intended for another woman. Wasn't a black and white gown inevitably included in everyone's wardrobe? And surely violets were just as much a spring accessory to any other pretty person as they had been to her. . . . But that subtle reference to Marble Arch!

Quite distinctly, she remembered driving in that direction, towards a shop in the Edgware Road, on the afternoon in question. The smile, of course, was an obvious invention. Never, never could she have demeaned herself to smile at anybody with whom she was unacquainted.

But the sun plays strange tricks with one's expression sometimes. It might even have given the false impression of a smile from her to that impertinent someone.

But—was he so very impertinent, after all? Adventure developed suddenly into Romance as she pictured him waiting, on fire, for her answer. Her own imagination took fire at that fierce impatience with which she credited him, and—in the end she answered his advertisement.

Oh! Very discreetly, of course: "Circe to Cavalier—Impossible."

And then his answer in the next day's paper, splendidly brief, imperiously passionate: "You must—I insist."

She had not yet forgotten the queer thrill those few little words had given her. But—insist, to her!

Hurriedly she had inserted another advertisement: "You waste your time."

And the next day there had been still another advertisement from him—a longer one this time, begging for an interview, if only to tell him she would never speak to him again.

All the week the pretty play had gone on. Until this evening, when the pretty game seemed to have ended as abruptly as it had

[Continued on page x.]

ENGLAND v. AMERICA 1921.



ENGLISH AND AMERICAN PLAYERS CARICATURED.

The American Polo Team and Reserves



MR. DEVEREUX MILBURN.

"Dev" Milburn, the American captain, is nearly forty, but looks younger. Born in Buffalo, he began to play at the age of twelve. When at Oxford, "Dev" was a member of the 'Varsity team. He subsequently deserted polo for rowing, and was a member of the Dark Blue crew in 1902 and 1903. He played for America in 1909, at Hurlingham; and in 1911, 1913, and 1914 at Meadow Brook.



MR. J. WATSON WEBB.

Mr. J. Watson Webb, who is a particularly fine horseman, began his polo at Newhaven, Connecticut, and played in the team which won the Junior Championship in 1907. He is an enormously tall man, and is one of the few existing left-handed polo players in the world, which makes him of special interest. He is a New Yorker and well known in business circles.



MR. LOUIS STODDARD.

Mr. L. Stoddard, who started his polo with Mr. J. Watson Webb, at Newhaven, Connecticut, played in the team which won the Junior Championship in 1907, and made his debut in first-class polo in 1909, when he played at Cannes, and came to England as a "spare" for the international team. In 1913, he played in the second match at Meadow Brook, taking the place of the late Mr. J. M. Waterbury.



MR. EARL W. HOPPING.

Mr. Earl W. Hopping has been playing extremely well since his arrival in this country, and was one of the Americans who played against members of their own side in the trial matches which took place at Hurlingham, Ranelagh, and Roehampton. He is a very tall man, and, as our photograph shows, a typical American in appearance, with his long face and keen eyes. He is a well-known business man in New York.



MR. "TOMMY" HITCHCOCK.

Mr. Thomas Hitchcock jun., whose father, another old Oxonian, captained the American side in the Inaugural match in 1886, is the youngest member of the team, and an Oxford undergraduate. He started polo at the age of fifteen. He played polo at Cannes during the recent season.

Photographs Nos. 1, 3, 4, 5 and 6 by Reuch; No. 2 by S. and G.



MR. C. C. RUMSEY.

Mr. C. C. Rumsey, who has played with Mr. Devereux Milburn since they were both children at Buffalo, is two years older than the famous captain of the American team. By profession he is a sculptor, and he has certainly carved himself out a name in polo. He is also "O.C." ponies for his side, and played a great deal in Florida this winter, where a successful polo season was held.

The English Polo Team and Reserves



MAJOR "RATTLE" BARRETT.

Major "Rattle" Barrett is one of the most brilliant polo players of the day. He learnt his polo in India with the 15th Hussars, who were "cocks of the walk" in Indian polo for so many years. In 1913, he was tried for England v. America with our team. He did not, however, play. In 1914, in conjunction with Lord Wimborne, Major Barrett organised the successful expedition for the recapture of the cup.



LIEUT.-COL. F. C. HUNTER.

Lieutenant-Colonel F. C. Hunter is an exceedingly fine and bold player, who in recent years has shown consistently improving form. It would be difficult to find a better horseman or finer trier than this bold player, who had to "gallop into" Lord Wodehouse's place in May, when that reliable player was laid up with severe surgical trouble.



LIEUT.-COLONEL "MOUSE" TOMKINSON.

Lieutenant-Colonel H. A. Tomkinson was our No. 1 in 1914, and he is exactly the kind of forward that is needed to tackle such a formidable defence line as that which is opposed to us. Colonel Tomkinson's regiment is the Royals, and he now commands them. In India the Royals possessed one or two very brilliant individual players. Of these none was ever better than "Mouse" Tomkinson.



MAJOR VIVIAN LOCKETT.

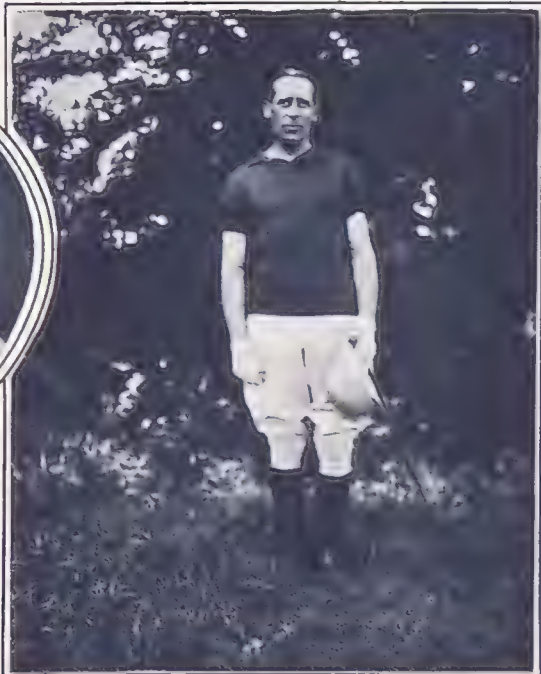
Major Vivian Lockett is the Captain of the English side, and this year's International matches will be his third against America, as he played back in both 1913 and 1914. He is also brilliant as a No. 3, a position in which he has played with that famous 17th Lancer team which swept all before it in the India Inter-Regimental before the war, and won the Hurlingham Inter-Regimental last season here.



LIEUT.-COL. T. F. MELVILL.

Lieutenant-Colonel T. F. Melvill is a player whose quickness on to the ball, and dash when he has it, are unsurpassed; but his light weight is, of course, a disadvantage when against such a player as the mighty Milburn. This very gallant Lancer has been played in various trial games, and his "nippiness" on to the ball is a great asset.

Photographs by Rouch



LORD WODEHOUSE.

Lord Wodehouse is the back of the famous Old Cantab team who won the Championship last year, beating the 17th Lancers. He has been practising with our team, both last season at Hurlingham, and at Tidworth, where the preliminary games took place. Lord Wodehouse is an imperturbable player, very certain and sure, and just the man to defend the "last ditch" against the pertinacious invader.

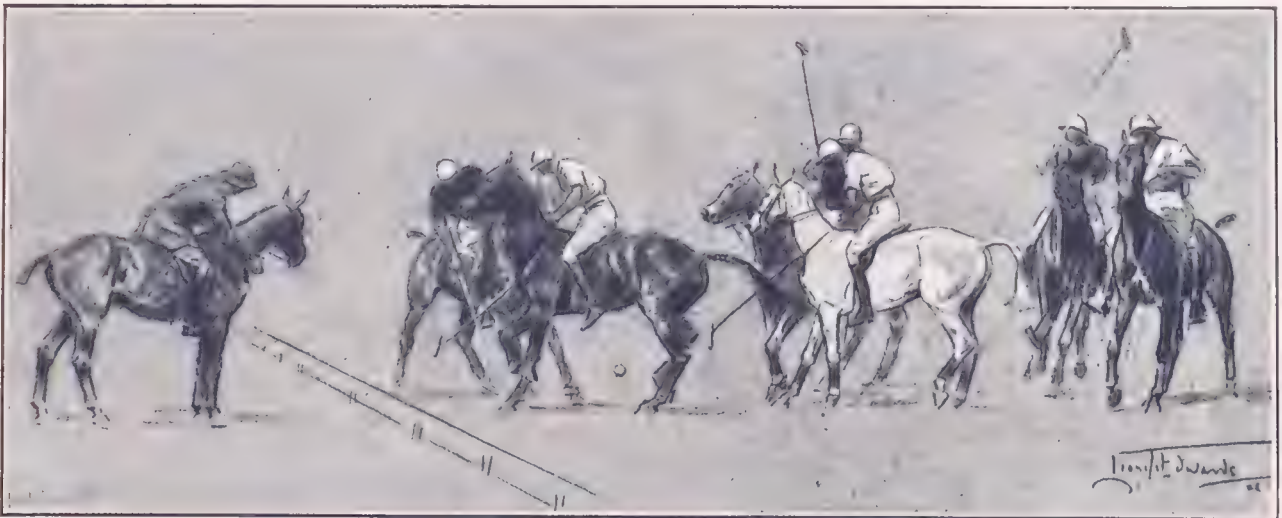




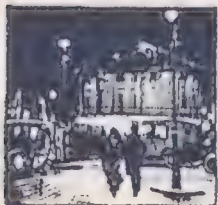
A GAME IN PROGRESS.—No. 1 (white) rides off Back; No. 2 brings on the ball, interfered with by opposing No. 3; No. 3, in support, interfered with by opposing No. 2; opposing No. 1 marking Back.



DANGEROUS PLAY.—Penalty 1.—A free "hit at" the ball from a spot 50 yards from the goal line of the side fouling, opposite the centre of goal, or, if preferred, from where the foul occurred; all the side fouling to be behind their back line until the ball is hit or hit at, but not between the goal posts, nor when the ball is brought into play may any of the side ride out from between the goal posts. None of the side fouled to be nearer the goal line produced than the ball is, at the moment it is hit or hit at.



BALL THROWN IN BY UMPIRE.—When the ball is hit out, it must be thrown into the ground by the Umpire from the exact spot where it went out, in a direction parallel to the two goal lines, and between the opposing ranks of players, no player to stand within 5 yards of the side line.



Without Prejudice

THERE is something somewhere in a book by somebody about the Music of the Spheres. And somehow one always seems to think of our amusements that way. In terms of circles. The circle that rotates round Mr. Owen Nares, and the larger, more noisy, and (though more adult) less discreet circle that rotates round the Russian Ballet. And "The Circle" itself.

Revolving with a smooth, slow motion, and shining with the bright, unsteady gleam of Mr. Somerset Maugham's wit, "The Circle" is a first-rate play, even if it is only a second-rate contribution to those problems which an agile Lord Chancellor sets Mr. Justice Branson to solve in double-quick time, sitting in a temporary Court, with the assistance of a large number of witnesses, mostly perjured.

There is a pleasing, almost Shavian, irony in the expectation of the young lady in the play that in the heroine of old romance she is about to encounter a sad, sweet, frail old lady who Has Loved—and in her subsequent discovery that the heroine aforesaid was only Miss Lottie Venne after all. But, somehow, Mr. Maugham seems to have been afraid to follow up his slashing blow at romance, and the young couple are permitted moments of the most unlikely ecstasy.

Really, really though, he should not have given Mr. Leon Quartermaine all that old-world bleat about his distant home with the azaleas in the front garden and the begonias in the area. That is Romance à la mode de 1885. And charming as it would undoubtedly be to run away with Mr. Quartermaine to any scenery, however theatrical, one doubts, somehow, whether Mrs. Champion-Cheney will find life in the F.M.S. much fun with Edward Luton.

But then she will always be able to hail a passing brigantine in the Sourabaya trade, and get dear Captain Marlow to work her into a novel of Mr. Conrad's. The company will be a shade more mixed, of course; she will hate dining with the Almayers. And the conversation will lack the Maugham sparkle: which may even be rather a relief to her, because she was always rather a stupid girl. But she

will have a restful time, and she will never have the intelligence to forget her husband.

Mr. Thesiger's performance is really the *clou* of the piece. His fussy domesticity, his feeble connoisseurship, and the intolerable

loftiness of his political principles (he is the sort of Co.-Lib. who would have agonies of conscience before Mr. McCurdy could get him into the Aye lobby on the Anti-Dumping Bill) are admirably portrayed. It is a perfect study. You can (and this is the real test of a dramatic creation) imagine him living through all the other scenes of his life in addition to the few in which you see him actually appear on the stage.

That quality was absent from Mr. Allan Aynesworth's Lord Porteous, who lived, so to speak, in one dimension only as an excellent figure of farcical old age so long, and only so long, as he was on the stage. But one was distressed. Mr. Aynesworth must not, even for fun, pretend to be a nasty old man. It is as though a later generation were to see the illusions of its



"POINTS" OF THE GAIETY "PINS AND NEEDLES": ROSETTA AND VIVIAN, THE FASCINATING DUNCAN SISTERS.

Rosetta and Vivian, the fascinating Duncan Sisters, from the U.S.A., are among the chief points of "Pins and Needles," now running at the Gaiety. Our photograph shows them in their Nursery Act. Their "Frog Song" is one of their most popular numbers. They also appear in "A Musical Interlude."

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

youth shattered by the appearance in a distant future of Mr. Owen Nares as an unpleasant old gentleman with insecure false teeth.

So much for one circle. But there is another which (alas!) revolves no more. The Army Council and the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty (to say nothing of the Air Ministry) functioned for a brief and brilliant interval as a sort of collective ring-master at Olympia. But the Royal Tournament is now no more.

It leaves nothing behind but a pleasant memory of men and horses in the convolutions of musical rides or the more intimate intricacies of wrestling on horseback. There was a welter of pageantry in which the *post-bellum* Army dressed up in the most pre-war fancy-dress that was at its disposal, and pranced gallantly about the Theatre Royal, Addison Road, as ancient Britons, stern Romans, haughty Normans, gallant Crusaders, jolly subjects of Charles II., or bluff Georgians (burghers of G. II., not poetasters of G. V.). A jolly show, and, as usual, better than ever.



AS THEY APPEAR IN REAL LIFE: THE DUNCAN SISTERS, WHO ARE MAKING SUCH A SUCCESS IN "PINS AND NEEDLES."

The Duncan Sisters, who have come over here from America, are making a big hit in "Pins and Needles," at the Gaiety, where they sing and play with tremendous "vim" and charm. They make up as girls of the nursery age on the stage, but, as our photograph shows, they are not long past schoolroom days at least in real life.

Photograph by S. and G.

A New Viscount: Lord Birkenhead, and Party.



COMPLETE WITH CIGAR: THE LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR, AND NEW VISCOUNT, IN PLAY.



THE DUKE OF YORK WITH LORD AND LADY BIRKENHEAD: ON THE LAWN-TENNIS COURT.



GUESTS AT LORD AND LADY BIRKENHEAD'S WEEK-END TENNIS PARTY: (STANDING, L. TO R.) MR. F. H. JARVIS, WING-COMMANDER LOUIS GREIG, THE HON. LOIS STURT, THE HON. F. M. B. FISHER, MISS MONA DUNN; (SEATED) THE HON. ELEANOR SMITH, THE DUKE OF YORK, LADY BIRKENHEAD, LORD BIRKENHEAD, MISS MAXINE FORBES-ROBERTSON, AND, ON THE GROUND, MAJOR CARTWRIGHT.

Lord Birkenhead, the Lord High Chancellor, who has just been raised to the rank of a Viscount, entertained the Duke of York at a week-end party recently at The Cottage, Charlton, Banbury, when a lawn-tennis team match was played against Oxford University. Our photographs show the members of the house party, who included

Lady Alington's clever and artistic daughter, the Hon. Lois Sturt, and Miss Maxine Forbes-Robertson, the eldest daughter of Sir Johnston and Lady Forbes-Robertson. The Hon. Eleanor Smith, Lord Birkenhead's débutante daughter, is also shown in our photographs.—[Photograph No. 1 by Alfieri, Nos. 2 and 3 by C.N.]

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OUT OF THE RUCK.

By GEORGE PRIMROSE.



SOMETHING seems to have gone wrong with Mr. Cosmo Hamilton's sporting intelligence in "The Blue Room." Lysistrata, after winning the Grand National, was led in by her owner at a place called Epsom! And, a few pages further on—Lysistrata is no longer a mare, but a horse, duly referred to as "him," and spoken of as a Derby winner. But

then, this isn't a racing novel, nor is it (in spite of its title) a new chapter of Bluebeard, except that there's a secret roomful of ladies. These, happily—or unhappily for Major Bill Mortimer—are all alive and decidedly kicking. Mr. Hamilton, in fact, rather goes out of his way to emphasise their kicking equipment. But please don't imagine that this is a frivolous book. It is almost painfully serious, for it shows at what price Don Juan may close the door on light-o'-loves and settle down with "Miss Respectable." Kind Mr. Hamilton does not put the price too high. Major Bill, son of "the Old Rip," had been a Young Rip before he left the U.S.A. to become a real fiction hero-soldier in France. More to the point for the story is that he came home announcing in his breezy Yankee way that in future "Bill is to be a good boy." His parents, the Old Rip and Lylyth, a pair of agreeable married cynics who had each, as Hardy's rustic says, "committed the Seventh" to an amazing extent and yet remained on exquisitely good terms, longed to see their noble old Colonial line perpetuated. They chose Martha Wainwright, all virtue and innocence, to help in the good work, and to her Bill obligingly lost his heart—a very battered organ, already shared with Birdie Carroll, Jeanne Dacoral, and particularly Susie Hatch, of the New York *demi-monde*. But Bill is to be a good boy now and "reconstruct" his life. Martha, who has loved him in secret since he went out to war, is the One and Only. It was such a pity that Bill stumbled into that little farewell champagne and kissing spree with Susie and Company at his bachelor chambers, and that Meddlesome Matty chose that very moment to pay him a surprise visit in his Blue Room. Things naturally get very blue for a time; but Mr. Cosmo Hamilton, incredibly helped by Teddy Jedburgh—a campaigning friend of Bill's, and an English lord, no less—contrives a happy ending that will do very well for the film, if it leaves the critical reader wondering.

Kathlyn Rhodes's new book, "Under Desert Stars," has the incidental merit of helping one to understand how to write "for the million." The instructive wrapper tells us that over 1,000,000 copies of this author's works have been sold. Here then, plainly, is a writer "for the million." I confess myself frankly a stranger hitherto to the Rhodesian brand of fiction, and I have got an eye-opener. I had not known that Egypt, although reputed giddy, was so giddy as all this, and I don't wonder Joseph found it exciting to sojourn in high society there. Valentine Rose was no Joseph, however, and Egypt was the death of him. You see, he lured Osra Ducane from her father's care and took her, unchaperoned, up the Nile in a dahabeah—a proceeding that would have put Osra in a false position, for Valentine was of the once-aboard-the-dahabeah-and-the-gurl-is-mine type. But, luckily, her friend and duenna, Cynthia Amory, put herself to incredible trouble to prevent a scandal; while Mr.

Rose, who had been imprudent enough to beat an Egyptian boy, got a knife in his ribs just as he was laying hands on Osra, too much in the way of kindness. But that's not nearly all. Cynthia had gone out to Cairo to be married, only to find herself jilted, for Sir Berkeley Roden had found out that she was a jewel thief, although

otherwise very virtuous. Her past was an endless handicap. The wicked Valentine knew all about it, of course, and acted accordingly. But Cynthia, having on the voyage out very prudently got to know a really nice man, survived her jilting by Sir Berkeley Roden, and re-embarked with Philip Lassen on a career of idyllic love and honesty. It's all very strange and stirring, but somehow I can't believe it's Egypt, in spite of the thick coating of "local colour." Yet the author is sincere; you can't persuade "the million" to read you if you write with your tongue in your cheek. It's just deadly, humourless sincerity that ropes them in. But what enviable times they must have with a story like this! Rhodes's *Tours in Egypt* conduct you to something Cook's couldn't, and wouldn't, personally or otherwise.

It will take a very great artist to suggest the crudities of the late war without crudity of handling, and a great artist did not write "The Forge of Democracy." The more's the pity, for the book holds large possibilities, just missed by a too anxious straining after effect and a mood of overblown enthusiasm. But it has to be confessed that Gabrielle Vallings has lifted the sack of Vervain (why this thin disguise?) on to something very near the right romantico-historical plane, and her portrait of Otilie van Eynden, victim of Hunnish outrage, does not give truth and nature a very wide miss. Otilie's tragedy would have been sufficient theme, for the other heroine, that Amazonian Englishwoman, Madeleine Gault, and her German officer lover, von Gorwald, are too obviously melodramatic. I have had to take them with so many grains of salt that they themselves have lost all savour. But Otilie, her cousin, the priest Ignace, and the *cocotte* Collette are more than credible—true types, beyond doubt, of many obscure victims of the Belgian horror. Collette vindicates humanity as admirably as *Boule de Suif*, and in far harder circumstances than Maupassant's heroine. And Ignace holds our sympathies not solely because his creator (or the printer) has put bad Latin into his mouth, and has made him perform a miracle, when he passed his hands under the dying Collette's shoulders, these hands being all the time "bound behind his back"! These are not the only careless slips. Mick Dowlan, the Irish recruit, reappears as Bob Dowson. But the book contrives to suggest the background and turmoil of war in a vivid and often persuasive way, although its democratic idealism remains somewhat shadowy. Shadowy, too, and unsatisfying is the fate of Otilie. The war was certainly a period of sudden passions, but the love of the Belgian girl and the poet airman, Hermes Gault, is a fiction that does not beguile one to think it fact.



PLAYING THE LEAD IN "BULL-DOG DRUMMOND": MISS DOROTHY TETLEY.

Miss Dorothy Tetley is a charming young actress who is now playing Phyllis Benton, the lead in "Bull-Dog Drummond," at Wyndham's, a part which was created by Miss Emily Brooke. This is Miss Tetley's first leading part, and she is to be congratulated on her success in it.

Photograph by Maull and Fox.



TO EXHIBIT AT THE LEICESTER GALLERIES: MR. PAUL MANSHIP, THE FAMOUS AMERICAN SCULPTOR.

Mr. Paul Manship, the American sculptor, is now in London, and is staying with Mr. John Sargent, the famous artist. His exhibition at the Leicester Galleries opens on June 22, and will be of considerable interest, as Mr. Manship has a great reputation in America, and is represented in the Metropolitan Museum, New York; Pratt Institute, Brooklyn; the Detroit Museum of Art; and other important galleries in the chief towns of the United States.—[Photograph by Hoppe.]

The Blue Room. By Cosmo Hamilton. (Hurst and Blackett; 8s. 6d.)

Under Desert Stars. By Kathlyn Rhodes. (Hutchinson; 8s. 6d.)

The Forge of Democracy. By Gabrielle Vallings. (Hutchinson; 8s. 6d.)



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OUR SHOWROOMS ARE ON THE FIRST FLOOR — OVER LLOYD'S BANK



IT is the height of the Paris season. What a month is the month of June! Under a fierce sky, feverishly mopping the heated brow, one is hauled here, there, and everywhere. Entertainment is piled on entertainment; festivity follows festivity. The days are so crowded that they run over into the nights, and we willingly accept the advice of Thomas Moore, who tells us that the best of all ways to lengthen our days is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear. June is the month of roses. June is the month of races. One is tempted to grow lyrical in the Swinburnian manner about the roses and races of June!



A BEAUTIFUL "LADY" IN THE MAY WEEK PLAY: VIOLET BURTON (MR. R. B. BROWN) WITH DICK FENTON (MR. F. S. BATES).

"What a Picnic" was produced by the Cambridge University Footlights Club at the New Theatre, Cambridge.

Photograph by C.N.

and flounces and lots of lace (*dentelle cirée*), beflowered taffetas and organdie; with light transparent mantles and tiny sunshades. Some of these sunshades were not, I swear, larger than a pocket handkerchief!

And, as I write, the French Derby—le Prix du Jockey-Club—is about to be run, also at Chantilly; while next Sunday there will be a great Society gathering at Auteuil for the Grand Steeplechase de Paris. So the month of races revolves, until we come to the Grand Prix de Paris at Longchamp. In the meantime tennis and other summer sports claim our attention. Championships are decided and Tout Paris has hardly a moment's respite from the unceasing round of social functions.

But soon there will be a rush to the sea and mountains. The whirl cannot go on indefinitely. Change and repose are needed—though hardly obtained in the crowded resorts. I do not think the Paris season will be prolonged even as it was last year. There have been many attempts to carry it well on into July, but they have been only relatively successful. The social calendar cannot be changed as easily as the clock, and if you can play tricks with Summer Time you cannot play tricks with summertime.

One of the novel attractions in town is the Garden Theatre of M. Paul Poiret. This great dressmaker, having furnished the theatre perhaps with more robes than any other *couturier*, does not see why he should not furnish a theatre for his robes. His theatre is, of course, a hobby, but if it catches on—as it appears to be doing—it will be not an unprofitable hobby. It will be a luxury that will pay for itself. He deprecates the suggestion of founding the Dearest Theatre of Paris—though that is in itself something of an

attraction and a laudable ambition. On the whole, I think, Paris theatre prices, if one considers the rate of exchange, are, except on special occasions, lower than they are in England. The tip-top price for the stalls in the most *chic* establishments is rarely more than thirty francs. As all the seats in the Poiret Theatre are stalls, he is probably setting up a record in this respect.

Where he is undoubtedly setting up a record is in adapting the garden behind his house in the Avenue Victor Emmanuel to dramatic purposes. In the hot evenings it will be delightful to pass a few hours in the fragrant open air, listening to a choice programme of parodies of other theatrical representations done in the most *spirituelle* manner, or in listening to characteristic *chansons* of all the civilised countries where they sing. Should it rain, there is an enormous rubber roof like the covering of a balloon, that by an ingenious use of compressed air can be quickly inflated.

The only doubt I have of his success arises from the fact that the Parisienne threatens to revolt against him and his latest edict.

M. Poiret is indeed a man of courage. He has invented, or rather has rediscovered, a cruel instrument of torture that was worn by the women in far-off barbaric ages—the corset. The corset is not, of course, to be that monstrous thing which is, I suppose, to be found in our museums. It is to be perfected and made supportable as well as supporting. Certainly it has not been worn for a long time. Now it is to return if M. Poiret and other *couturiers* can persuade the Parisienne to wear it. The feminine form, he says, needs to be sculptured. If women wore corsets one could make for them Louis XIV., Louis XV., and eighteenth century robes. With fluid bodies—impossible!

It is true that other *maisons de la mode* have some reservations. M. Jacques Worth, for example, shakes his head sadly and says that during the last twenty years there

have been revolutions in the *vie féminine*. There is the motor-car, there are sports, there are modern dances. Are we to go back to the *carrosses* and to the *pavane* and *menuet*? At the Maison Paquin the director says that one has to reckon with the *esprit sportif*, and at other houses in the Rue de la Paix it is questioned how far the corset can be adapted to modern life.

This is the great question which is now agitating Paris. To corset or not to corset? After all, the last word, as always, is with the ladies.

SISLEY HUDDLESTON.



THE CAMBRIDGE "MAYONNAISE WEEK" PLAY: WILLIAM WESTON (MR. C. N. HULBERT) AND PHILIBERTA FOOTLE (MR. F. J. GORELL-BARNES).

One of the characters in "What a Picnic" refers to the famous week as "Mayonnaise Week."

Photograph by C.N.



CAMBRIDGE WICKET-KEEPER AND ACTOR: MR. M. D. LYON AS TIMOTHEUS BINKS, AND MR. C. N. HULBERT AS WILLIAM WESTON.

"What a Picnic" is described as a "caricaturistical farce," and proved a great success at Cambridge May Week. Our photograph shows Mr. M. D. Lyon, the University wicket-keeper, who wrote a good deal of the music, as Binks the detective, and Mr. C. N. Hulbert, the brother of the well-known comedian, as William Weston.

Photograph by C.N.

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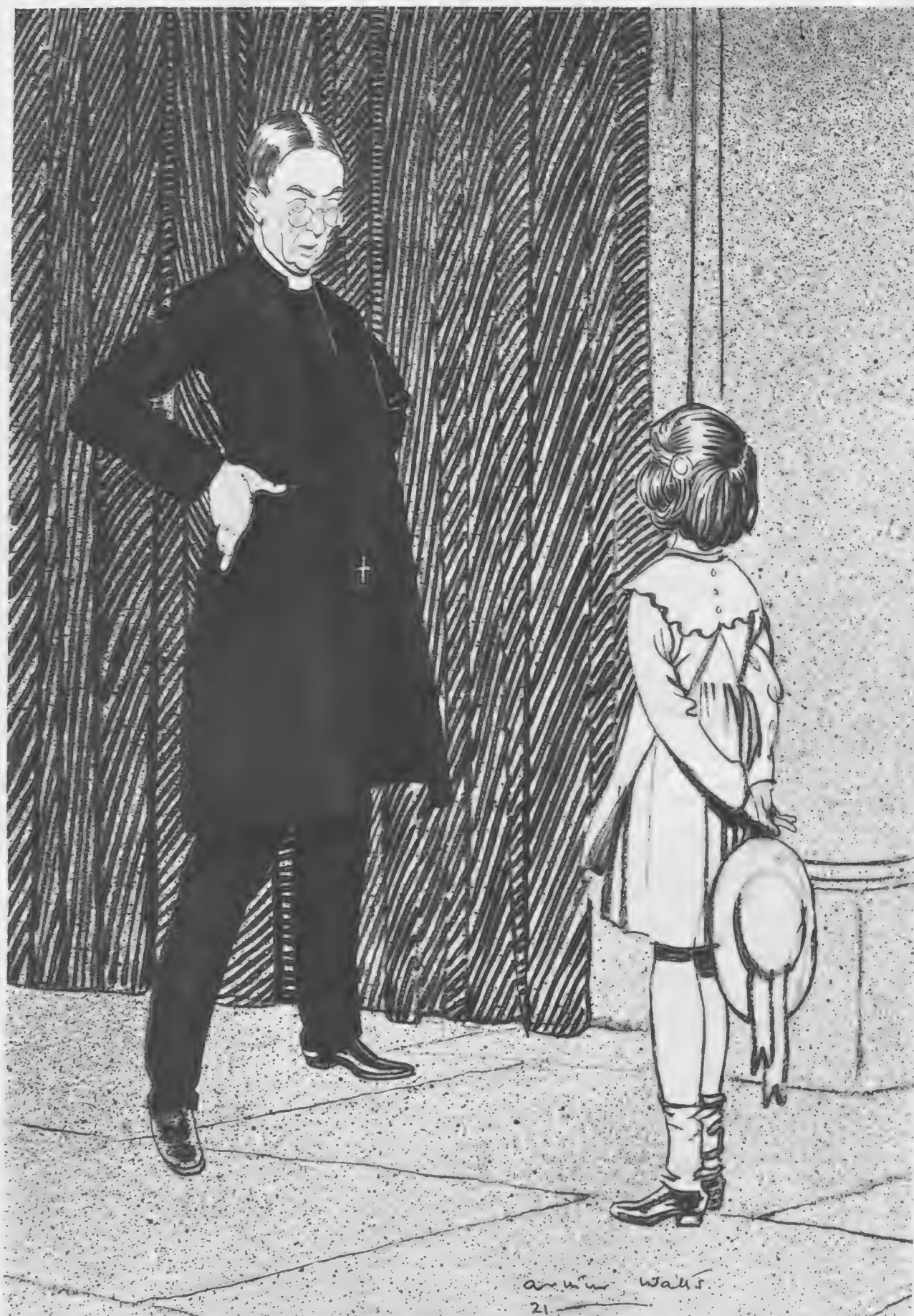
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THE VICAR: A bounder? THE S.P.: Yes, Sir; 'e bounds books.

DRAWN BY ARTHUR WATTS.



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ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN T. PHILIPSON, M.C.:
MISS NELLIE BRIERCLIFFE.

Miss Nellie Briercliffe, the well-known light-opera star, who appeared in the recent revivals of Gilbert and Sullivan productions, is to marry a Lifeguardsman. Her engagement to Captain Thirlwall Philipson, M.C., 2nd Life Guards, the brother of Mr. Hilton Philipson, who married Miss Mabel Russell, was announced recently.—[Photograph by Claude Harris.]

that diversity which is still more inevitably described as Pleasing Touches of Colour.

Of course, it is all rather a farce. If an extremely pleasant one. There is a characteristically Anglo-Saxon piece of hypocrisy about the whole business. Because the essence of it is that you all simulate, with less or greater degrees of success, an intense, a fevered interest in rowing. Now as a matter of fact, nobody outside the narrow circle consisting of the College porter, the rowing men themselves, and their immediate relatives takes the faintest interest in rowing.

Except, of course, for its æsthetic qualities. Nothing could look prettier than a bumping race on that narrow, intimate little stretch of water on which rowing Blues are formed in this part of England. You can see, you can almost overhear from the towing-path all that the lovely ladies are saying on the opposite bank. Even the Divine Creatures on the Pitt Club lawn are almost audible to the Common Herd with gongs, rattles, and revolvers over the way. Such a contrast to the dignified aloofness of the barge-tops of the stately Isis.

But it is a good season, anyway. With highly beneficial results upon the Future of the Race. Because, of course, He first saw Her when she came up to visit Her entirely inadequate and unworthy brother, and He got asked into tea that afternoon when the Other Fellow (hated Other Fellow!) couldn't come. And He saw how Her rosebud mouth opened out to welcome in the College *éclair*. And, of course, that did it.

So and in this fashion the history of England is made, whilst the rowing men perspire and the

LAST week saw the cheerful recrudescence in East Anglia (isn't that where the Cambridge trains go to from Liverpool Street?) of the Season of the Sisters and the Cousins — accompanied, where absolutely unavoidable, by the Aunts. They trooped into Cambridge—in so far as they were permitted to troop by an exiguous schedule of trains devoted principally to the minute study of the minor facts of local geography. And they added to what reporters of London papers invariably call the Grey Old Colleges

various amateur dramatic young gentlemen excel themselves in a seasonable orgy of impersonation. Because there must always be a lot of people doing something else if you are really to enjoy doing nothing. The onlooker has the best time, after all, even if he (or she) hardly ever looks at the game.

But one is a little inclined to deplore the tendency of our athletic and flannelled young to adopt from the French *plages* the abominable and pseudo-Byronic custom of opening their shirt-collars and flinging wide the flaps over the adjacent jacket. Throaty. But not nice. One saw the vile practice starting on the coast of Brittany two years ago. Then it crept round by Deauville to the mouth of the Seine. It found the Channel passage to southern English health resorts a simple matter. And now it brazens triumphantly in those ancient Universities to which we look to teach us (they teach us very little else) how to wear flannels.

There is not much changed in Cambridge, though. Unless it is the asthmatic and explosive advent of the motor bicycle, which attempts your assassination at every corner, and reverberates in the narrow streets like a machine-gun salvo. Of course, the unhappy residents must Get About somehow. But one could wish that they would find some mechanical vehicle that wasn't quite so sudden.

But it is all over now. The captains and the kings have furled their blazers. The sisters and the cousins have departed up the long road that leads to the station. And nothing remains except the memory which She entertains of Him. And the slightly hazier recollection which He has of Her. Because, of course, He gets about a good bit. And one can't be expected to remember everybody, can one, now?



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THE MUCH-DISCUSSSED "CUADRO FLAMENCO."

"Cuadro Flamenco," the suite of Andalusian dances which forms an important number in the Diaghileff season of Russian Ballet at the Prince's, has been much discussed and is causing a great amount of interest. The company is a genuine Spanish one, and the scenery and costumes are by Pablo Picasso. The dancing is accompanied in the true Spanish manner by stamping, hand-clapping, and finger-snapping. Our photograph shows La Rubia de Jerez, Mate el sin pies, and Maria Dalbaicin.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, L'as.]



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MOTOR DICTA



AUTOS AND ASCOT: THE FIAT "SIX." By GERALD BISS.

SO successful did the aerial control of the traffic, assisted by wireless and the motoring bodies, prove at Epsom that similar arrangements are being adopted at and over Ascot this week; and it is beginning to look as though such up-aloft controls will play a big hand in the future in all areas of likely congestion, upon special occasions. Incidentally, however, who is going to foot the little bill for these aerial joy-rides? The R 33 will be in command at Ascot this week, and the scheme of traffic furnishes four different roads as one gets near the course—the usual route skirting Virginia Water,



THE MOTOR LOOSE BOX: A BOON TO OWNERS IN TRAIN-RESTRICTED TIMES.

The Thornycroft motor horse-boxes have proved a boon to racehorse-owners in these days of restricted traffic. Each of these vehicles accommodates two horses, with a separate compartment for forage and attendant groom.

convenient, all cars which have been wise enough to book places in advance in the enclosures from the R.A.C., which controls the lot, will be marked by a special coloured paper disc, which will put police and guides automatically wise as to their desired destination, and enable them to pass each along its right approach without delay or hesitation. It looks as though we have got on the right lines at last as to the control of modern traffic, and, if things work as well at Ascot as they did at Epsom, the Commissioner of Police and Chief Constables throughout the country will, in conjunction with the R.A.C. and the A.A., be able to extend the principles of such organisation as and when required.

Fiats from
the First.

I think that
I can, with-
out exagger-

ation, claim to have been on every standard pre-war Fiat touring model which has ever been introduced into this country, though, owing to inadequate seating accommodation (being one of those persons, like the old lady at the regimental garden-party, who tartly informed the colonel that she had plenty to sit upon, but nowhere to deposit it), I was never able, even with the aid of a shoe-horn, to squeeze in beside Nazzarro upon vermilion "Mephistopheles," or other racing monsters with huge engines, but tiny entrances to still tinier seats. Even during the war I had an excellent day's trial of the giant four-cylinder "60-90" model built in the American Fiat factory for Russian staff work; and it was a very hot proposition, with a little old rough-painted works body, designed for a "15," upon its great sturdy chassis, and I don't mind telling you in confidence it could move some on the right bit of road, and knocked down the mile-stones at the exhilarating number of from eighty to ninety an hour—only, of course, as is always the trouble in this otherwise delightful country, you can only keep up such pleasing bursts for a mile or so, if that. I shall never forget that particular little run, as I very nearly

lost my only son and heir to nothing, aged seven, owing to over-looking one of those jolly little pickabacks on the road, camouflaged by the glare of the sun. He was in the back, and shot up into the air like an anti-aircraft shell, and was only just retrieved at the critical moment.

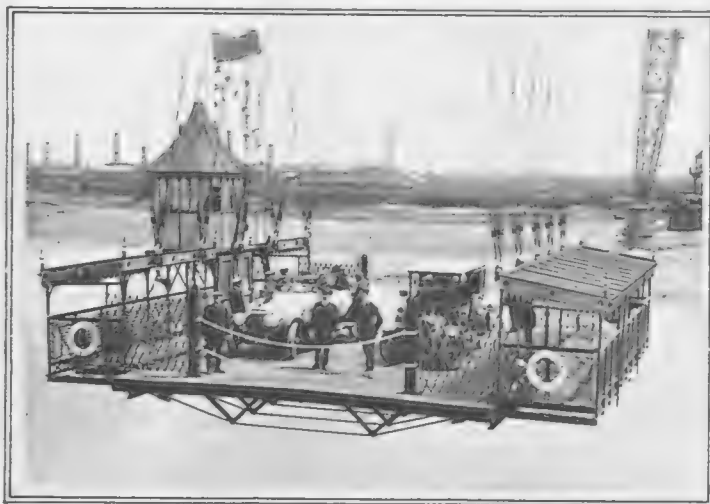
To the Latest.

Somehow the Fiat had, up to the war, always been most successful with their four-cylinder models, but never quite got any of their pre-war "Sixes" just right somehow; but now Signor Agnelli and his competent, if turbulent, crew have got right there without doubt or question, with the post-war 209 six-cylinder model, which is what they call in the vernacular, a peach. I was out on it last Sabbath right across country, on some very winding and difficult roads; and it took them all in its stride, on top practically the whole time, and with that lightness which makes a car so truly delightful, while all the time holding the road in a most mannerly fashion; and never jazzing meretriciously all over the place like some "light" things I wot of! There were six of us aboard this young Fiat, but on several occasions I espied the giddy old speedometer gaily registering well over ninety kilometres, the car having a very roomy Turin six-seater body, with its embellishments in foreign tongues. Its smoothness and silence, too, are so delightful—nothing harsh pandering to power; and, when you come to look at the chassis price, somewhere round about £900, including duty, it will make the top-notchers rub their eyes to find such power and quality at well under half the shekels.



OFF ON AN EMERGENCY TRIP TO GLASGOW: MR. GEORGE GRAVES LEAVING.

Our photograph shows Mr. George Graves, the famous comedian, saying good-bye to Mr. Harry Masters, of the Holborn Stadium, before "pushing off" to Glasgow in one of Messrs. Godfrey Davis's emergency cars.



CROSSING BY MOTOR: THE PRINCE ON THE NEWPORT TRANSPORTER BRIDGE, IN A MOTOR-CAR.

The Prince of Wales' visit to Cardiff and Newport has been a memorable time in the history of South Wales. He had a great reception, and, as our photograph shows, crossed the Transporter Bridge at Newport in his car.—[Photograph by C.N.]

Successful
"Six" at Last

The wonder-
ful charm of
this six-

cylinder Fiat is its lightness of feeling, its lightness of mouth, its easiness of control, yet withal its grip of the road, its lightness without being a light car. Well, this time the Fiat have every reason to be thoroughly satisfied with the "Six" they turned out; and perhaps they will follow it up ere long by turning out some more sensational still, just to show that in that vast Turin factory there is nothing which they cannot do. Meanwhile, an amateur Fiat, originally a 1914 Grand Prix model, has pouched the Targa Florio from the brand-new "Merces," admitted for the

first time to the comity of nations and sportsmen by Italy—to Italy's shame, to my mind. I am sorry that, owing to factory troubles and striking events in Turin, the Fiat team will not toe the line at Sarthe, as I would have liked to see the Fiat fours pitted against your new-fangled "straight-eights," as the Fiat, above all other firms, has ever held that for sustained power in racing, four cylinders give the best value, especially when circumscribed as to total area.



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*"B.P. means
Best Possible-
and you simply
can't get better."*

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Every motorist who has ever seriously made a test of the fuels he uses eventually sticks to B.P. It is an essentially 'clean' spirit that ensures perfect combustion, and consequently maximum power and mileage.

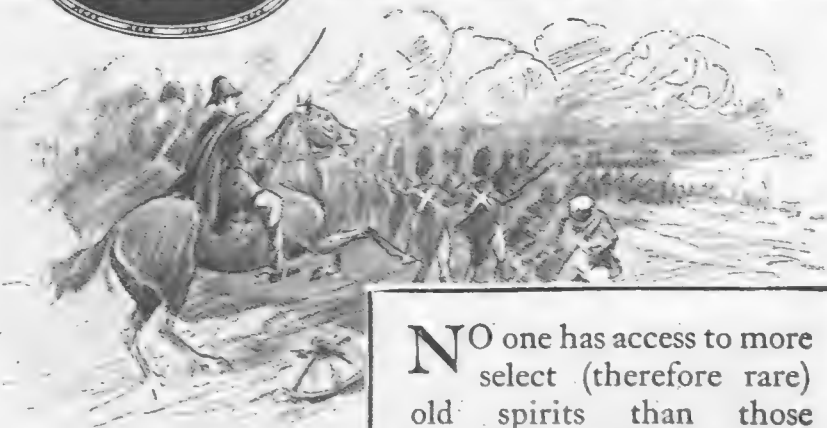
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WELLINGTON



Makers of History:

DUKE OF WELLINGTON. 1769—1852. Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington, quickly asserted himself as a capable military commander. He headed an expedition against the French in Portugal in 1808, and remained in the Peninsular until he crossed the Pyrenees in 1814, driving the French before him. On 18th June, 1815, the battle of Waterloo ended the career of Napoleon. Buried in St. Paul's.



NO one has access to more select (therefore rare) old spirits than those expertly blended into

"Red Tape"
(TRADE MARK)
The Whisky

That is why it is "THE" whisky with those whose refined palate demands the utmost in quality.

Sole Proprietors:

BAIRD-TAYLOR BROS., Glasgow, SCOTLAND.

Through a Glass Lightly

A SPECIAL commissioner had been sent up to some works in the Midlands from the head London office. He was surprised at the apparent inactivity of the place, and called for the foreman. The foreman came from the middle of his eleven o'clock "lunch." The special commissioner asked: "And how many men work in this factory?" The foreman replied: "About 'arf of 'em."

The office boy and his grandmother's funeral always were subject for jest. But when the test match is brought into the affair to make a jokable trio, it gets rather unnerving. Anyway, this particular stripling, having filled the "in" tray and emptied the "out," said to the chief: "Sir, I would like to go to a funeral this afternoon." The chief replied heartlessly: "Oh, you would, would you? Well, you won't." The boy, with all hopes gone of seeing the test, resignedly murmured, "No, Sir, I know I won't; but I would like to, all the same." There was something so tragic and appealing in the lad's voice that the chief couldn't resist asking: "Whose funeral?" Said the boy: "Yours, Sir." Exit.

"That's an awkwardness that's never forced upon me," as the man sighed when a friend, who had found a hundred pound note, said, "I don't know whether to take it to a police station or spend it—it's very awkward."

One of those "bright" fellows—you know, always merry and cheerioic—walked up to a gloomy one, sitting out on the verandah of a California hotel. The gloomy one gazed uncomfortably into the golden depths of a tumbler raised to his lips. "Hello, kid," said Cheerioic, "what are you drinking now?" And, after a gulp and a writhing of the features, the reply came between the coughs: "How inell do I know?"

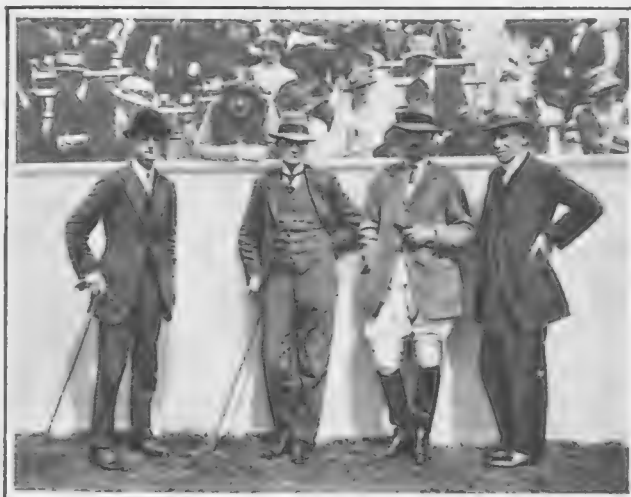
What a language it is! How true that chased women are rarely chaste, yet if they are chaste they are rarely chased.

The woman who can't keep her stockings up will never keep her temper down.

Heard in Kensington Gardens, when there are no children about: "Halt! Who goes there?" "Mess orderly, with officers' wine." "Pass, mess orderly. Halt, officers' wine."

It was on the evening of the first day of a shooting-party. After dinner, in a gathering in the smoke-room, several of the young bloods, immaculately attired, got on to the subject of clothes suitable and desirable for the various sports and games in which they indulged. All kinds of schemes were suggested for different kinds of shoots. Then one youthful "knut" said he was very proud of a scheme of his own which would camouflage him completely against a blue-granite-and-heather background. That was the limit. An old stager, having tolerated

all the talk until then, got up and, flinging away a perfectly good cigar, bellowed: "My dear children, I could shoot the finest stag in Scotland and be dressed in a morning-coat suit and a top hat and spats, too! Clothes be damned!"



WATCHING THE POLO AT HURLINGHAM: CAPTAIN NAIRNE REYNOLDS, SIR ALFRED REYNOLDS, MAJOR GUY REYNOLDS, AND MR. B. R. GLOVER (L. TO R.) Sir Alfred Reynolds' sons and Mr. Glover are themselves keen polo players.



A RISING YOUNG LAWN TENNIS PLAYER—WHO BEAT TILDEN AND MRS. MALLORY IN MIXED DOUBLES: MR. J. T. BAINES.

Mr. J. T. Baines is the lawn-tennis player who, with his partner, Miss E. D. Holman, created such a sensation at the World's Mixed Doubles Hard Court Championship at St. Cloud last spring by defeating W. T. Tilden and Mrs. Mallory, the American Champions. Mr. Baines is an old University player, who was nominated by the Lawn Tennis Association to go to Paris as one of our official representatives. This selection was the result of his play at the Roehampton trials. He is 27.

Photograph by S. and G.

An "experience" meeting was being held at a mission in a Southern State. A large, comfortable mammy was bearing witness to the good that had come into her soul since she had found religion in "dis 'ere place." The missionary, at a pause in her testimony, said: "That's very beautiful, sister; but tell us a little more of the practical effects of religion. Does it soften your temper, sweeten your anger, or even does it help to make a better dinner for daddy when he comes home weary and worn from the cotton-fields?" At that moment, a voice from the back of the hall cried: "Dat's right, pastor. Keep on pressin' dem kind ob questions. Dat's my wife yo're askin'."

If you keep your ears open nowadays you can't help hearing this kind of thing between husband and wife in the best county families: "Horace darling, I think you are altogether too overbearing and exacting with that new gardener. After all, when you remember that he is an old army comrade, which was why—" "Comrade be blowed, dear!—he was my sergeant-major."

As the traffic in a South London square was in full swing, a woman, laden with parcels, a baby child in arms, and an umbrella that would simply not close, rushed from the pavement into the very vortex. In and out among the vans, 'buses, trams, horses, and motor-cars she slithered her manacled self, ever with her eye on one particular object. That object was just one figure—the number on the rear lamp of a motor-bus. Oblivious of the danger among which she skipped, and regardless of all consequence, she continued to chase that object. Finally she landed and, swinging herself and belongings on to the step of the 'bus as her head was just missed by a projection from a huge lorry, she bawled out: "London Bridge!" And the conductor, taking out the right coloured ticket and clipping it, turned to the others inside and said: "Yer know, there's some people in these 'ere parts wot would rarrer lose their loives than lose a 'bus."

Among the sights and hearings of the world, in these days of amazements, few can equal the sight and hearing of an Irishman and a Welshman negotiating (it's the only word) an argument. One of such arguments was being negotiated in a small Scotch town some days ago, and the Irishman was losing ground. The Welshman persisted—it's an obstinate way that Welshmen have—in his persistence that the point upon which he persisted was pertinent. It was too much for the Irishman, who, throwing up his hands in abject despair at the sight of a "foreigner" who could not enter an argument fairly, shouted: "Oh, th' wurst o' ye Welsh is that ye c'n argue only on th' wan soide of an argument!"

SPFX.

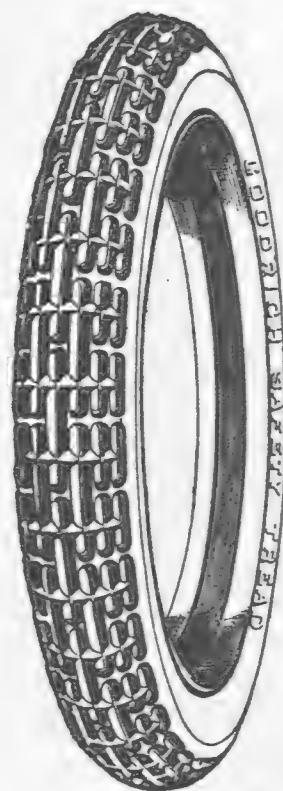
MOTORISTS!

Say 'GOODRICH' and be SAFE

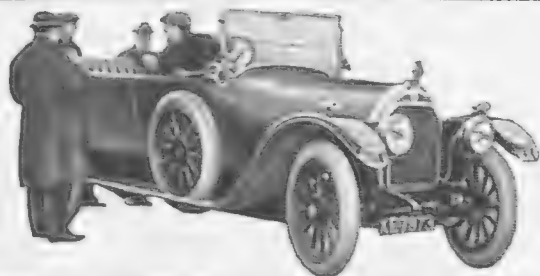
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Ask him to-day.

FOR COMMERCE, USE
GOODRICH SOLIDS.

THE B. F. GOODRICH CO., LTD.,
117-123, Golden Lane, London, E.C. 1.



"BEST IN THE
LONG RUN."



Seven-fifty doesn't sound much for a car like this, does it?—Vide "Motor Owner."

THE BACKBONE of any firm is its trading policy. The policy of the Darracq Company is "value for money." It is the simple, honest principle of the "square deal," and its very simplicity has successfully carried the Darracq Company down the years and placed it in its present sound position. It has paid the Company because it has paid the customer. As in the early days, so in 1921, and with the introduction of the new models for this season there exists the same feeling of confidence that any examination and comparison of these models will but justify the claim to having fully maintained a trading policy which has made the Darracq known the world over as the "Value-for-Money" car.

PRESS OPINIONS:

"WHAT IS THE BEST CAR OF THE YEAR?"—"DAILY DISPATCH," Nov. 4, 1920. "After the most exhaustive examination into the relative 'Value-for-Money' of the numerous cars exhibited at this year's Olympia Motor Show, in my considered judgment the 1921 model of the 16 h.p. Talbot-Darracq is in every respect the car as representing 'Value-for-Money'."—W. H. Berry.

The same writer states in the "EVENING STANDARD," March 4, 1921. "After nearly 2,000 miles with the Talbot-Darracq on the road, however, I have nothing to take back from my original opinion, that she is the best value in cars in her class in 1921."

"It is a very obvious 'Value-for-Money' car."—"FIELD," Mar. 19, 1921.

"It is no exaggeration to say that the Talbot-Darracq is the best 'Value-for-Money' offer we have met with in the motoring world during many years of experience at home and abroad."—"FINANCIAL NEWS," Dec. 8, 1920.

SPECIFICATION:

16 h.p. Chassis complete with C.A.V. Lighting and Starting, Five Lamps, Clock, Speedometer, Four-speed Gear-box, Cantilever Suspension, Five Wheels and Tyres ... £550
"READY FOR THE ROAD" in the fullest sense of the phrase, and mounted with the finest quality English coach-built body.

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THE ECONOMY CAR

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VOGUES & VANITIES

By CARMEN of COCKAYNE



Hats for Ascot. Gather round and let me tell you about Ascot hats. There's a coal strike on! At least, there is at the moment of writing. Whether or no the owners and the miners will have settled their differences by the time these words are in print it's impossible to say. But, even supposing we are still learning to value oil and petrol as those interested say it should be valued, when you read this page, that's not going to make any difference to Ascot as far as clothes are concerned. As to the racing itself and the transport of the horses, that's another matter altogether, and has nothing whatever to do with this article.

Back to the Beginning. But to return to the beginning and Ascot hats. If your features are not your strongest point, prepare to shadow them now, for no hat, it seems, can be too big for Ascot. On the other hand, if beauty is yours, you are equally well provided for. There's this about a picture hat; it always rouses the inclination of someone or other to look and see what's under the brim!

About the Sketches. I wouldn't go so far as to assert that no small hats are being planned for Society's racing picnic, but quite certainly they are few and far between, and, anyhow, you can't have too much of a good thing, according to the millinery artists, and they ought to know. Look at the hats on this page. There was a time when velvet in June in England was about as usual as organdie in December. Nevertheless, that hat with the waving paradise plumes is of blue velvet, with a softening edge of blue tulle, the only relief being supplied by a brim-lining of shell-pink aerophane. Still, it's possible to be smart even without a velvet hat. There is simplicity expressed in terms of palest pink organdie, with a laced-bordered "rose" of the same material poised in front, and a few green leaves to give an extra touch of realism. The



The importance of "line" is shown in this hydrangea-blue aerophane hat with its sweeping plume.

hats described, together with the others mentioned on this page, can be seen at Gooch's in the Brompton Road; but since the size of the page is comparatively limited, it is possible only to mention a very few of the models displayed in these salons.

Beauty in Blue and Pink. Fashion still clings obstinately to the soft uncured ostrich-feathers that flow over the edges of hat-brims and help to give them that indefinite line that is characteristic of skirts of the moment. In a rather large chiffon hat hydrangea colourings are introduced, the pale-blue of the hat itself being reflected in the blue of the feather that, together with a shaded pink one, twines round the soft crown. But, just to show that the critics



Raven-blue velvet lined with pink crêpe-de-Chine, an edging of net, and a paradise feather.

who describe her as a narrow-minded tyrant are quite wide of the mark, the Mode dashes off from chiffon to straw; hence the presence of a pink crinoline model, the brim of which parts company to allow of the introduction of a band of pink broderie anglaise, or, alternatively, of brilliant, kingcup-yellow crinoline with one of those draped veils, also yellow, that are such a graceful addition to any hat, and a cluster of kingcups at one side.

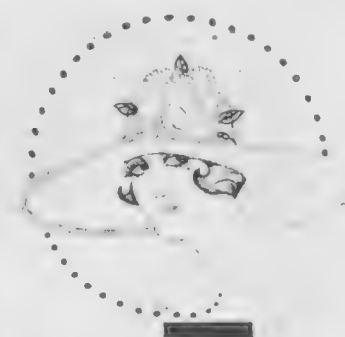


A yellow crinoline with lace to match, to grace the head of youth.

Go and See. A walk-through Gooch's millinery salons, besides being a liberal education in hat fashions, is the best possible tonic for jaded spirits. It's not possible to see scores of hats, each more becoming and attractive than the last, and still take a gloomy view of life. No doubt, even after she has visited the firm named, you'll find a woman remarking sadly that she did find it so "difficult to choose a hat." Perhaps she did, but the difficulty lay rather in having sufficient strength of mind to reject beauty. It is easy enough to decide what to get; it is most horribly hard to decide to go without when you're simply longing to get just one more hat because the shape, or the material—in short, everything about it—convinces you that nothing else will make you feel quite so happy.

Field Flowers. Lace, chiffon, and tulle are all well to the fore in Ascot hats, very naturally, extensively used and crinoline is, for summer

models. One says naturally, because crinoline, besides being beautifully light, is also thin, and on a hot day there's nothing quite so comfortable as a hat the crown of which permits free circulation of air round the head. As to trimmings, they vary almost as much as shapes; but, besides the feathers referred to, flowers are used on any number of hats. But, for the moment at any rate, the day of big roses arranged in masses on hats seems to have passed away. Field flowers are, however, used on hats intended for morning wear as well as on sumptuous Ascot models. Fruit, too, is used for the purposes of hat-decoration, and there's no ban on vegetables—though, frankly, the effect of a greengrocery display on a hat intended for ordinary wear is rather too bizarre to be altogether pleasing. If I were asked to name the most popular straw I should say crinoline, and one finds it allied with felt as well as tulle and straw. One rather attractive tennis hat of lime-green felt showed a crinoline brim and was simply trimmed with a twist of ribbon to tone. All-ribbon hats are attractive for the tennis-court, and all-felt ones are equally modish. In fact, you can wear almost anything, so large-minded has Dame Fashion become. Of course, you must have taste and realise what suits you and what does not, but you can hardly blame fashion if you do not look your best.



Of peony-pink organdie, it has a fascinating edging of lace.



A pink crinoline straw has broderie anglaise let into the brim, and long ribbon streamers.

A Leading Favourite



Huntley & Palmers Nice Biscuits

Sweet, with the delicious
flavour of fresh cocoanuts.
Excellent for afternoon tea.

CHILDREN LOVE THEM

Delightful as the town after which they are named.



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BEST LEATHER SOLES.

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"Zephyr" Shoes are not the usual kind of fabric shoe, to be worn only for the Seaside or on odd occasions. They are made with the same care and good materials as a good-class light leather shoe; they are not an extra shoe to be bought, but will take the place of all-leather shoes for light wear, that is, for walking on fine days and for house wear. The essential difference is that two or three pairs can be obtained for the price of one pair of all-leather shoes.



Sold by all the leading retailers
Write for name of nearest agent.

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Makers also of the famous Deanshire
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Oh, Mummy—you promised me—
Woodward's Gripe Water!

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Gorrings

Dainty Lingerie Sets

Very charming yet inexpensive is the new Summer Lingerie now on view in Gorrings Salons.

The set illustrated is typical, and is carried out in Crepe-de-Chine of the highest quality, hand-made, with hand embroidery finished with two rows of faggot stitching and Filet lace edging. In ivory, embroidered self, or can be supplied in Sky, Pink, or Mauve in a few days.

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| Nightdress | 79/6 |
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COTTON ÉPONGE RIVER JUMPER

with Skirt Length to match

Made by our own workers from cotton éponge Crêpe that we can recommend with every confidence to wash and wear well.

ATTRACTIVE BLOUSE (as sketch) in good quality cotton éponge Crêpe cut on becoming long lines, with Raglan sleeves, which are three-quarter length, the collar and cuffs being trimmed hand-stitched strappings of contrasting shades. The blouse is worn outside skirt in front, and finished with ends to tie at back. In ivory/lemon, ivory/flesh, ivory/champagne and a variety of fashionable colours. In sizes 42, 44 and 46.

PRICE

29/6

Skirt length to match ... 12/6

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THE QUAICH as a WEDDING GIFT

Two small Quaichs for holding sweets. The Quaichs are interesting because of their history, the pattern makes them very practical, while their plainness promotes cleanliness. All are of silver, well constructed, and really good: they are made in two sizes, as follows:

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| Diam. 2 1/2 in., complete in case, | £6 0 0 |
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The prices shown will prevail as long as silver remains at its present low cost.

TERMS—Cash with order; if not approved a refundment in full will at once be made.

The Clans which inhabited the Highlands of Scotland long ago lived on a perpetual war-footing, each suspicious of possible aggressive acts on the part of its neighbours. Sentries were therefore posted in the surrounding hills to give warning of possible hostile intentions, and they, to beguile the tediousness of their watch, constructed from wood and other handy material the shallow bowl known as the "Quaich."

The Quaich was originally of small capacity; it was used for "quaffing the thirst," but as it became more widely known and appreciated, so it was made in larger sizes and in precious metal to suit the individual requirements. And as such we find it to this day used for every purpose, secular and sacred, a testimony to its worth and to its real practicability.



BROOK & SON, Goldsmiths to his Majesty,
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EDINBURGH.

Summer Tailor-mades NICOLLS

of REGENT STREET

For Smart Designs
at Moderate Prices



"SAUTERNE"

"SAUTERNE"

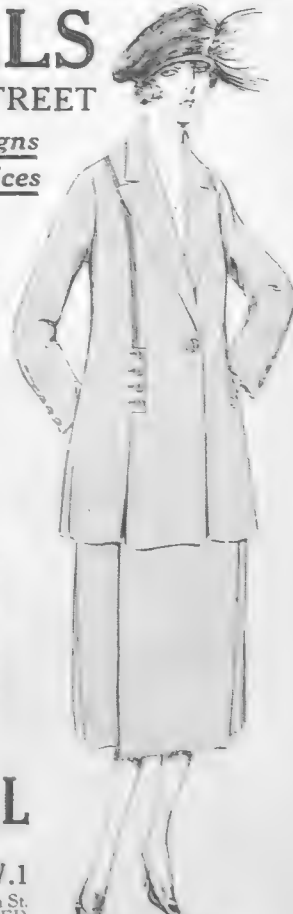
This simple little Coat-trunk is one of the newest lines in Gabardine, Tricotine or Serge if preferred, in a wide range of summer shades. A charming touch of colour is introduced by the addition of a vest of a contrasting shade and insertions of pearl sequins. Ready-to-Wear.

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"MAXIMA"

The woman who yearns for severe lines in her tailor-mades finds her taste indulged in the full in this extremely becoming Coat and Skirt. It embodies all the features that fashion has decreed to be "thing" for this Season, and is made in the finest quality Gabardine.

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(as sketch)

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stripes. Well
made and finished

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Dainty Patent Colt Cummet
Shoes, smart Paris heel,
bronze buckle (as sketch).
SPECIAL PRICE, 39/6
Also in nigger, grey, black,
and white Suede.

Harvey Nichols
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HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., Ltd., Knightsbridge, London, S.W.1.

INEXPENSIVE RACE FROCKS of Exclusive Design

MADE in our own work-
rooms on the lines of
the newest Paris models,
from fine quality silk finished
lace in soft artistic colours,
and particularly suitable for
smart afternoon wear.

ATTRACTIVE FROCK,
in fine lace of dainty design;
simple bodice with short
sleeves, finished at waist
with chene silk, and new
flounced skirt over silk
foundation. In ivory, ecru,
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Special
Price **6 Gns.**

THE FROCK ILLUSTRATED WILL BE
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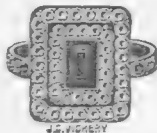
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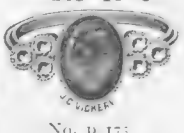
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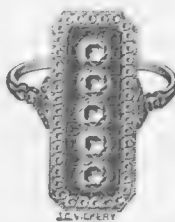
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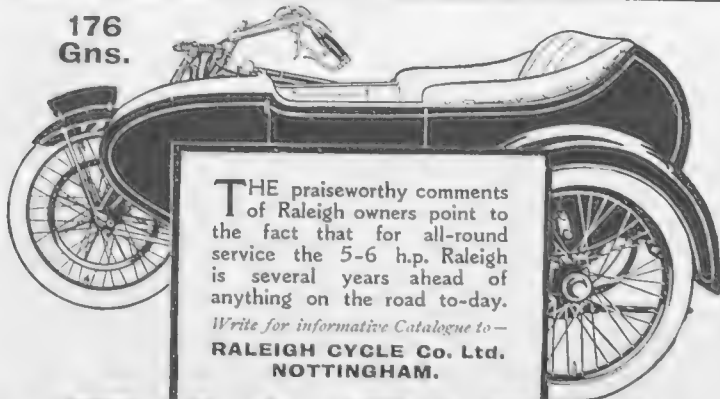
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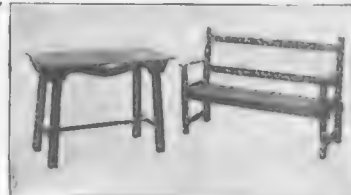


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All Carriage Paid.

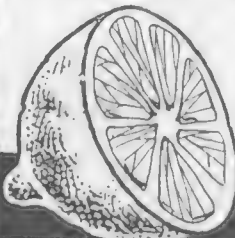
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also in 2/- and 4/6 Sizes.

Sweetened
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1/- tin (makes 25 glasses)

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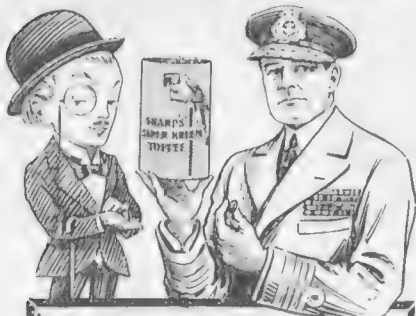
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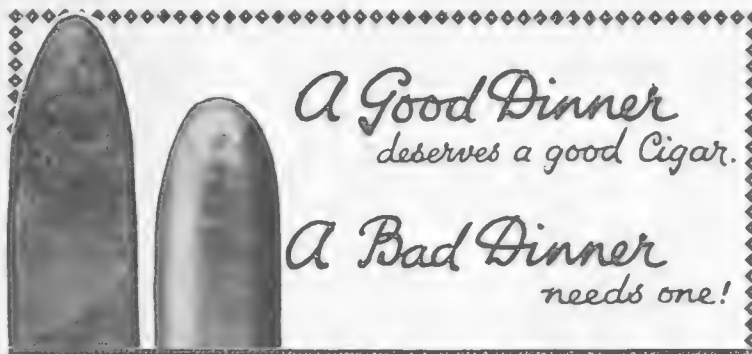
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8d. Sold loose by weight or in 4-lb. decorated tins—also in 1/2, 1/6 and 2/9 tins.
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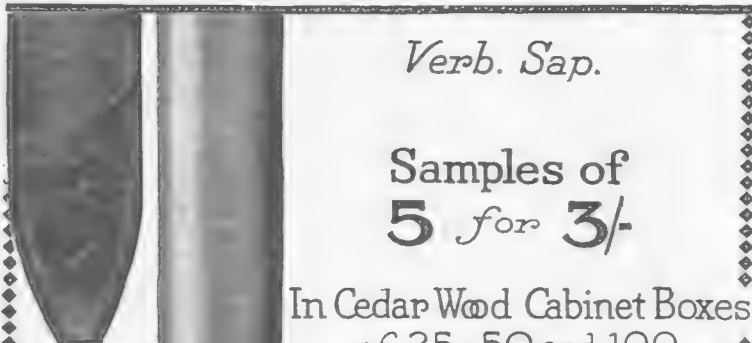
SHARP'S SUPER-KREEM TOFFEE



*A Good Dinner
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FOR **ASCOT AND GOODWOOD**



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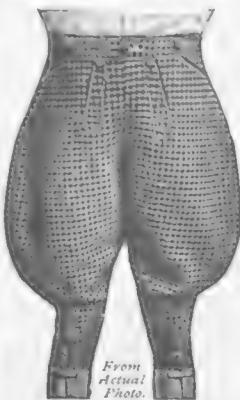
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You wake up in the morning. What's the first trial of the day?—the shave. No!—not if you own a Kropp. A Kropp's different—it may sound incredible—but it is. The Kropp is the razor that shaves close, clean, delightfully smooth—almost by its own weight. Take a Kropp in your hand—feel its balance—examine its blade. There's a look of exceptional efficiency about it—an air that "means business." Ask any man you know who uses a Kropp—ask him if he ever used a Razor like it—ask him if he doesn't think the Kropp the best little friend he ever had—listen to the caressing tone in his voice as he answers convincingly—"Why, rather!"



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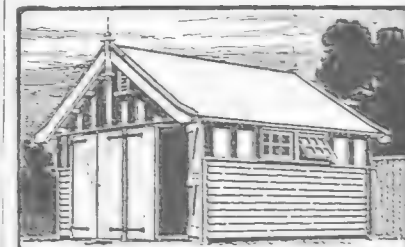
PRICES.

Black Handle, 10/6 Ivory Handle, 18/-

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AN attractive, convenient, and durable motor house this: easily erected anywhere, affords ample accommodation for two large cars, leaving plenty of room for overhauling and attending to minor repairs in comfort. Substantially built, thoroughly weatherproof, compact, and portable, lasting satisfaction guaranteed.

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But to all appearances a new one. She sent it to Stevensons for cleaning—that's the secret! Send your frock to-day, and her experience will be yours. We pay return carriage.

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"Stevensons for Quality"

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HIMROD'S ASTHMA CURE

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AT ALL CHEMISTS
4s. 3d. a tin

BULMER'S POMAGNE

CHAMPAGNE CIDER-DE-LUXE

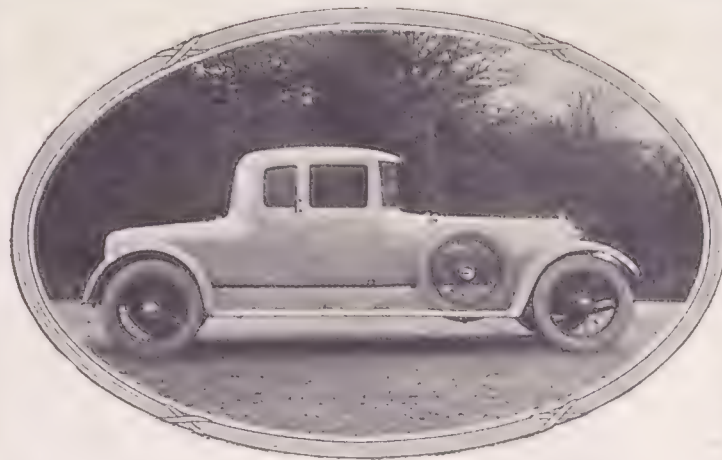
The words "Champagne Cider" are used by many Cider-Makers to describe any Sparkling Cider, whether it is carbonated or fermented in bottle.

H. P. Bulmer & Co. Ltd. is the only Cider House manufacturing on a large scale, Champagne Ciders, by the same elaborate processes as the costly French Champagnes.

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THE supreme achievement of modern automobile engineering is exemplified in the Lanchester "Forty." Its exterior is admirably consonant with the high quality of the engine, whilst the appointments, both for mechanical convenience and personal comfort, are beyond criticism.

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The *Lanchester*
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THE LANCHESTER MOTOR COMPANY, LTD.,

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SPECIAL VALUE
FINE GEM-SET & PLATINUM RINGS.
Catalogues Post Free.

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LONDON Ltd.

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Crossley

25/30 h.p. R.F.C. Model

New Chassis Price

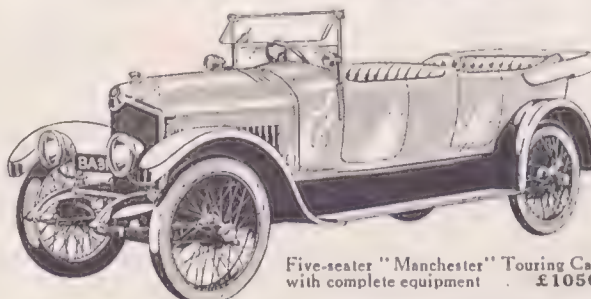
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A Reduction of £250

THE new chassis price of the famous Crossley 25/30 h.p. R.F.C. model shows a reduction of £250. The "Manchester" Touring Car is reduced by £325. The "London" Coupe, "Chester" Landulette and "Buxton" Saloon are each reduced by £300.

All of these models are completely equipped, including Electric Starter and Lighting Set. At the new prices they are remarkable value for money. With a world-wide reputation for quality, consistent service, and efficiency, they present a unique opportunity for those who require a really high-grade and beautiful car.

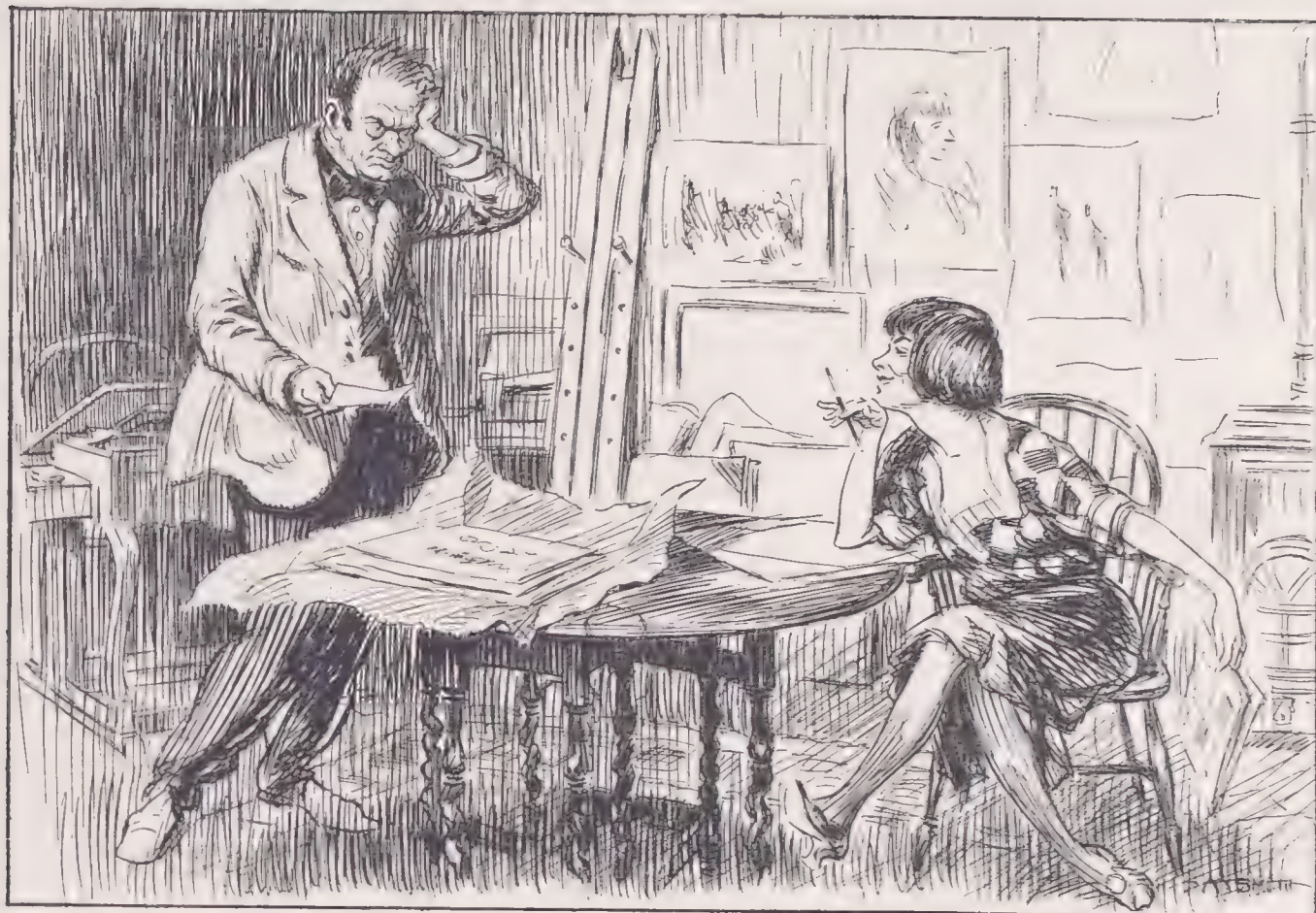
TRIAL RUNS CAN BE ARRANGED



Five-seater "Manchester" Touring Car
with complete equipment £1050

Fuller information together with illustrations will be sent on request
CROSSLEY MOTORS LTD., Builders of Quality Cars, MANCHESTER
LONDON OFFICE & EXPORT DEPT. • 40-41, CONDUIT STREET, W.1

Obvious !



THE "COMIC" ARTIST (*opening parcel of drawings "returned with thanks" for the umpteenth time*) : Fact is, in these days no one takes humour seriously.

DRAWN BY A. TALBOT SMITH.



FATHER : I see they have unearthed some coins of the reign of Augustus Cæsar—they are believed to be very old.

DRAWN BY WILMOT LUNT.

THE CARRIAGE WAITS.—[Continued from p. 302.]

begun, for no advertisement of any description signed "Cavalier" had appeared in any edition of the evening paper she had grown to open with that sudden beating of the heart that every woman instinctively knows means "danger."

Danger, not only for herself, but for everybody else connected with her as well.

The violins were wailing for the overture of the inevitable waltz song half-way through the first act as she took her place in their box at the theatre. Their syrupy-bitter sweetness made her heart ache. Dully she envied the red-haired star in her inadequate gown of shimmering gauze, floating about on the stage below in the arms of a stage lover. It was true the stage lover only served the purpose of the moment, but, at any rate, with his ardent eyes and coal-black hair, wearing, too, the gaudy uniform of some stage kingdom, he looked Romance personified. She lost herself in dreams as to just what this unknown admirer of hers might have looked like.

And now he had tired, and she would never, never know.

She veiled her eyes to hide the tears that suddenly filled them.

But next day there was an advertisement in the *Comet* which, while it ought to have filled her with virtuous indignation, filled her instead with a strange exhilaration.

"Cavalier humbly implores Circe, out of the great goodness of her heart, to call at Flat B, Shaftesbury Mansions, Shaftesbury Avenue, to-morrow afternoon at four. This is absolutely final."

So, somewhat unexpectedly, the advertisement, from pleading, wound up in sternness. Final! She repeated the word softly to herself, and it fell coldly on her ears. She wouldn't go, of course; it was ridiculous to expect that she should. He had no business to ask such a thing of her. But—final!

All the same, she wouldn't go. Not although it meant the elimination of Romance from her life for good and all, not although it meant sacrificing her first big chance of meeting Love face to face.

"What are you doing to-morrow?" she surprised her husband by asking him at dinner that night. "I have a free afternoon for a wonder, and I thought we might run down to Richmond together to see your mother. We owe her a visit, and she likes us to show up together," she added, with faint scorn, as he looked at her.

But it appeared that he had arranged to go golfing with a friend.

She pondered a little. "That's not a bad idea. I can't face your mother alone. I think I'll go golfing, too," she said at last.

Instead, four o'clock the next afternoon found her—a vision in black and white, a great bunch of violets at her slim waist, a veil

like a black cloud hanging round a big dark hat, blurring the rose and white of the face beneath with a convenient mist—passing swiftly up the stairs that led to Flat B.

She wasn't going to stay a minute—just tell this enterprising stranger how very wrong it had been of him to ask her to come, then immediately leave. She didn't really know why, for such a simple little thing as that, her heart should beat so suffocatingly, her cheeks flush red as any rose.

A discreet man-servant let her in, and showed her into a room of the usual type of furnished flats in that neighbourhood. All gilt chairs and mirrors, and rococo fittings. The only beautiful thing in the room till she came into it was a big jar of violets placed on a centre table.

They shed a balmy perfume over the whole place, making even its commonness less common, diverting attention from the florid exuberance of everything.

She looked at the violets in a whirl of happy emotion. How wonderful to think of him putting them there for her!

Then suddenly the door behind her opened, and somebody came in. For a second, the immensity of her feelings held her in such a grip that she could not look round. Then, as if from a long distance away, she heard a voice exclaim:

"Great Scott—you're not Lola Rhodes. . . ."

She swung round then as if she had been shot, all the pretty pink colour in her face fading swiftly to chalky white as she stared.

"Lola Rhodes?" she asked faintly presently, striving to disentangle her thoughts from the hideous chaos into which they had been precipitated.

He nodded sheepishly. "I saw her out driving one day in the Park, and she sort of gave me the glad eye as she went by. It struck me then what a lark it would be to get to know her—she's got no end of a reputation for exclusiveness—and I stuck an 'ad.' in the *Comet* for fun, just to see if she would rise to it. I never dreamt of your answering it. Good Lord!" His voice took on a sudden, high, aggrieved note. "Whom on earth did you think you were answering? You couldn't have known it was me. Now I come to think of it, it all looks jolly fishy. . . ."

She was silent, swamped in the depths of a chagrin such as she had never before experienced, conscious only of one thing.

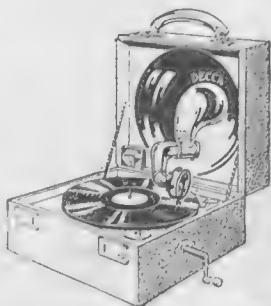
That Life, like the carriage she despised, still waited below, and that never now would it move forward to take its part in the red and gold pageant of successful love affairs.

Instead of holding a tryst with Romance, she had been conducting a newspaper intrigue with her own husband.

THE END.

"She shall have music wherever she goes."

To-day, in the woods; next week, perhaps, on the river; later, in the summer, at the seaside—music anytime, anywhere. The Decca is so light, so compact, that carried by hand it causes no fatigue, and carried in the car it occupies next to no space. Its tone is as natural, its reproduction as clear, and its volume as full as that of the largest gramophones.



THE DECCA

THE PORTABLE GRAMOPHONE

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| Model 1 (Leather Cloth) ... | £6 15 0 |
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THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

A Rest-Cure Season.

It seems to me that we have spent our time on tenter-hooks as to whether miners and mine-owners were on speaking terms or not. Everyone has been so worried over what is to go on and what is not to go on that bed has become a panacea for ills. Most of the people I know are making a rule of spending all the time they can in it, refusing to be bothered about postponements and impromptus, and how they are to get here or home from there. The result is that for some the London season is taking the unwanted form of a rest-cure. Others are worrying over-much, not on their own account, but on that of girls who are not presented and are getting few and dull dances. This week there is Ascot, of course; even that there was a doubt about until it was on us. As it is, it promises delightfully; and, if there is not the rail, there is always the road; and the dresses, I hear, are lovely—very many white-and-black.

Our Chief Glory.

American friends of mine, over here on a visit, ask me often to tell them where to go to have their hair attended to. This attention may mean any operation on our women's greatest glory—tinting, permanent (or temporary) waving, transformations, or a shampoo. They always say, "We want light and comfort and excellence all round," and add, "Say, your hair-parlours aren't always good enough for us; we've been in some like donkey-stalls." Anxious always to uphold the fine traditions of our dear old London, I send them to Emile, 24-25, Conduit Street, where every client has a room to herself, with a good big window giving light and air. Also, Emile's reputation for the very finest hair-work is world-wide. I have never seen anything cleverer than the "Ultima" transformation of this firm. They have a patent way of knotting the foundation which makes it as light and airy as if the hair on it grew from the head. The parting, too, is just as natural as if this were so. So pleased have my friends been that they have advised their friends to write for a charming booklet issued by the firm and sent post free, which is a really artistic production.

Feathered Heads.

Did anyone ever see anything like the feathers in our hats nowadays? They are all sorts and sizes, as the Irish fishwife said of her wares. There are long, soft quills which wave about in the wind, extending a foot beyond the limits of the hat, however large. There are paradise plumes, costly and bushy, and protruding at all

kinds of angles. There are uncurled ostrich plumes, some of them shaved down one side. There are big pompons of feathers; there are hats entirely of feathers, made up of wing, quill, and breast plumage. One of the prettiest of these I saw on Princess Maud the other day, and the feathers were of kingfishers—a lovely blue. There are long-fronced, uncurled feathers such as I have never seen on any bird even in the "Zoo" aviaries. Let us hope that these at least do not come within the limits of the proposed Bird Protection Bill!

Best Ever.

I met a woman who had lost the very best housemaid she had ever possessed, and was on the verge of tears even speaking of it. What do you suppose was the reason, kindest of readers? The mistress had an old family recipe for furniture polish and floors, and believed in it so that she would not allow the maid to use Ronuk, so away went the girl. My sympathies are with her, because only the person who actually does the work can be a judge of the best medium and materials to do it with. Ronuk, I know, gets the maximum of result with the minimum of effort; also it lasts, and what maids hate is "to be always at it," as they say. For linoleum and parquet floors it is equally good. The Ronuk Home Polisher, 7s. 6d. complete, is the implement which applies it most easily and successfully. I think chauffeurs will be leaving their jobs too if they don't get Ronuk car polish, which they say is the "best ever." It is all made by Ronuk, Ltd., Portslade, Brighton.

Real Refreshment.

These are dusty, windy days, very trying to the skin and the temper. One thing is good for both—a really refreshing wash. It is, however, good only if the right kind of soap be used; otherwise, the skin burns worse than ever, being irritated instead of cooled and soothed and refreshed, as it will certainly be if the soap is Pears' Transparent Glycerine, one of the most precious possessions that there is to those of us who have sensitive skins. The very perfume of it suggests refreshment and rejuvenation after a long day, possibly motor-ing, boating, or watching or playing tennis or golf. There is no cleanser for the skin like it, and the Glycerine Transparent Tablets are particularly pleasant in use and effect, besides having this fascinating scent peculiarly their own. These tablets are not costly treasures either—only 8d. each, or 2s. the box of three. There are people who believe so thoroughly in Pears' Unscented Transparent Soap that they never think of any other. The Glycerine variety is still Pears' Transparent, so they can trust it too!

In our issue of May 11 we published a photograph of Sir Walter Raleigh's pipe. This interesting relic is in the possession of Mr. Alfred Dunhill, and is the trade-mark of the famous firm of tobacconists. It was shown on Dunhill's stand at the recent Tobacco Trade Exhibition.

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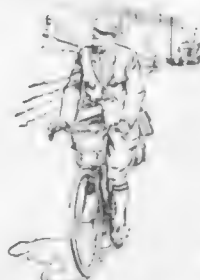
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CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 97, GRESHAM STREET, E.C.

SAFEGUARDING INDUSTRIES AND RUINING TRADE.

THE debate on the second reading of the Safeguarding of Industries Bill was remarkable in two ways—one was the uncompromising hostility of the Labour members, and the other was the lack of enthusiasm shown by the Bill's supporters. Their one and only argument in its favour appears to be that they had promised to do something about it, and the provisions of the Bill were all they could think of.

From the nation's point of view, it is essential that we cultivate our export trade, and to do that successfully we must concentrate on the production of those goods in which we excel, and not on those which the foreigners can make better and cheaper than we can. Furthermore, many of the articles which it is proposed to tax are raw materials for other trades: for example, many of the synthetic perfumes and flavours which are to be included are the raw materials of the perfumery houses and sweetmeat manufacturers.

With regard to the depreciated currency proposals, the supporters are in an even more difficult position. How is Central Europe to recover except by trading? And until Central Europe has recovered, it will remain a millstone round all our necks. We cannot conceivably hope to sell our goods to countries like Germany, Austria, or Poland, unless we will accept their goods in return, because they have no other means of paying us.

It seems as though Parliament has occupied itself for so long with the parish pump that its vision has become permanently obscured.

We do not generally agree whole-heartedly with Labour members, but Mr. Clynes's speech on the Monday was admirable. "If we could by legislation completely destroy Germany's trade, we should only have taken a step towards our own destruction," and "every restriction proposed, financial or other, diminishes the chances of employment," are two statements which he made, and which the other side never even tried to controvert. The speech in support of the Bill which followed Mr. Clynes's was really a model of ineptitude.

We fear it is too much to hope that the Bill will be thrown out.

HERE AND THERE.

The decision to drop the wheat subsidy and, as a corollary, the minimum wage for agricultural labourers was bound to come sooner or later, and it is a good thing that it has come sooner. If our rulers will

only learn the fundamental principle which has forced them to abandon this project we may get relief from this type of ill-considered legislation. Natural economic laws will always prove stronger than Parliaments if they clash.

The City of London Real Property Company's report and meeting were a great success from the shareholders' point of view, and they are in future to receive a quarterly dividend of 6d. per share—that is to say, 10 per cent. per annum, tax free. Business houses who are trying to pay three and four times their old rents during the present depression must be smiling rather ruefully.

The fall in the American exchange increases the sterling value of American property and assets generally, and raises the question of the advisability of realising them. In the case of Courtaulds, the American assets are very considerable.

Last year, it will be remembered, the American Freehold Land and Mortgage Company sold out in dollars, to the great benefit of the shareholders.

The New Conversion Loan fluctuates between 62 and 63, as was expected, and at this figure is one of the most attractive Government securities. A transfer from Consols shows a distinct turn, without taking into consideration the value of the 2 per cent. sinking fund.

OUR STROLLER AT A FIRST-CLASS MATCH.

"All the same, I think Armstrong bowls with his head more than his men do. Look at that last over. There were at least four different kinds of balls, and not a loose one amongst them."

"He's a crafty bowler," assented Our Stroller. "And he places his field as cleverly as Douglas sets out the Essex Eleven."

"I wish Douglas wouldn't smother his hits so much," complained a lad wearing O.P. colours round his straw hat.

"But don't you like to see his drives into the country, all along the carpet? I think they're a joy to watch, every time."

"What's that? Over? Last one, I suppose. Yes; they're putting on their sweaters. We may as well go and look after some lunch, too."

They waited until the players had escaped from the crowd of small-fry autograph-hunters, and then strolled into lunch.

"One of the pleasantest places on the face of the earth," said Our Stroller, with a sigh of deep content, as he looked out of the window. "Who can possibly worry himself over anything at a time like this? I can forget even stocks and shares."

(Continued overleaf)

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versus
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Chemise and knickers, 25/9 each.

In linen lawn with coloured linen borders same price.



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Summer weight
Black Mercerised
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3/6 per pair.

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ONE scarcely realises the extent to which the hands reflect the personality and how they are continually coming under observation—at the piano, cards, taking tea, shaking hands, are only a suggestion of a few instances which go to show how very important it is that the hands should be cared for and beautiful.

Ess Viotto for the Hands

A soft white hand is a wonderful asset to a lady's personality, and you can possess this charm if you will try this suggestion.

Just after washing, night and morning, sprinkle a few drops of "Ess Viotto" into your hands and rub them gently until it disappears, leaving a delightful odour of the essence of the Violet.

Try this delightful preparation also in the following manner:

Squeeze a sponge out in warm water, sprinkle on a few drops of "Ess Viotto," and wipe all over the face, neck, and arms. Dry gently with a soft towel.

Used in the above way "Ess Viotto" does wonders for you.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores,
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Through Bookings and Registration of Luggage.

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HOUSE,
KINGSWAY,
LONDON,
W.C.2.

FILTER

Continued.]

"Impossible!" and his broker smacked him cheerily on the back. "Come and be introduced to my little party. Stock Exchange, most of them."

"Now, not a word of shop," begged one. "As a bull of Shells, I feel at peace with the world on such a day as this. Try some of this googlie-salad, Sir."

Our Stroller caught the idea and the lobster simultaneously. He fished out the curved claw, and, "That will finish his off-break with a leg-break action for ever," said he, laughing.

"Mailey beats me," observed the man whom the broker called Tom. "From the pavilion he looks no more dangerous than a school-boy. And yet there must be a turn on his balls like that of a—a—"

"Like a jobber's turn in the Insurance Market," his neighbour concluded. "I wonder that the companies don't issue a policy against cricketers coming out with a duck."

"With a reduction on the policy against a pair of spectacles," added Tom. "I suppose insurance companies make so much money that they don't want side-lines."

"We are always out for new ideas," declared another man. "Cheerio, gentlemen! I take wine with you all."

"Banks and insurance shares," said the broker, as he put down his glass, "are amongst the most neglected things in the Stock Exchange. That in itself commends them to the average person as being greatly in their favour."

"I'm an optimist," confessed one whom they all called Dado, "and I believe these Railway Preferred stocks are cheap on a ten-per-cent. basis. South Western Preferred pays that much, and I can't see how the stock can be dear."

"If the companies aren't earning sufficient to pay their Preference dividends, the Preferred stocks are not exactly jammy."

"But, after all, the railways are an essential part of the national business, and you've always got your security in front of your nose. It's not going to run away. I've risked it, anyhow."

"The worst of the market is that it always looks as flat as that pitch. I wonder some of those kids don't get under the roller; just look at them out there."

"I keep on buying War Savings Certificates for my children," Our Stroller told them. "No income tax to worry about, and perfectly safe, because so many working-men hold them."

"There's that about it," nodded Dado. "I've got some of that Commonwealth 6 per cent. Loan. Saw it mentioned in *The Sketch* about five months ago."

"How much loss does it show you?"

AMUSEMENTS.

COMEDY. (Ger. 3724.) **NORMAN MCKINNEL**
In "A FAMILY MAN."
A Comedy by John Galsworthy.
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For details apply to Continental Traffic Agent, Dept. P.4, L.B. & S.C. Ry., Victoria Station, S.W.1.

"That's the marvellous part of it. The price has gone up about six points. Fancy that, you know, on a paper's advice!"

"Extraordinary," they all agreed, and Our Stroller absent-mindedly put out his hand to take the only peach in the dessert.

But the broker had been a thought quicker, and the two hands met.

"Stymied!" exclaimed Our Stroller, under his breath, as the broker dropped the peach on to his own plate and neatly slashed it open.

"Stick to your 7½ per cent. and 8 per cent. Preference shares," counselled Dado. "They'll pay you best, I'm certain. Don't be misled into buying Ordinary when the trade outlook's so bad. Buck up, you chaps; there go the umpires."

The pair of white-coated veterans rolled gently on to the ground.

Our Stroller waited to finish his coffee, while his host discharged the score.

"I know we're not talking shop, old chap," he said apologetically to the broker. "But what are your own views about Shipping shares?"

"You've got to be very careful," was the reply. "P. and O. Deferred and Indo-China Deferred are unmistakably the cheapest. Only they are so dear."

"They stand so high, you mean?"

"Why, yes, of course. Didn't I just say so? I think Cunards are all right, and possibly Furness Withy. There's a lot of rubbish, though, which I wouldn't touch with a cricket-stump."

"Thanks. And thank you for a very excellent lunch. I've enjoyed it immensely. I shall always remember it when I see the name of one of the Surrey Eleven."

The broker's brow puckered thoughtfully, as they both rejoined the others. "One of the Surrey Eleven?" he said to himself. "What the dickens—"

A new figure went up on the scoring-board, and the broker looked at his match-card.

"Peach," said he. And then it came to him all of a sudden.

"Oh, peach!" he repeated, and, with a merry chuckle, he dug Our Stroller violently in the fifth rib. Friday, June 10, 1921.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor,
The Sketch Office, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

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